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SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. P. JACOBI.

Say where are the violets now
That adorned our bowers,
Gracing Flora's blooming brow
With the year's first flowers?
Youth, alas! Spring fades away;
The violets are in decay.

Say where are the roses gone
We plucked in summer's morning,
With gay wreaths, mid mirth and song;
Youths and maids adorning!
Maiden! summer fades away,
And its roses must decay.

Lead me to the little rill
Fruitfulness bestowing,
That with murmur, cool and still;
Down the vale went flowing!
Summer's suns were hot and sore—
The little rill exists no more.

Lead me then unto the grove
Which wild roses cover,
Where to pledge their vows of love,
Maidens met their lover.
Winds and storms beat on it sore,
And the grove is seen no more.

Say where is the maiden gone,
She whose modest glances
Courted, while they sought to shun,
[illegible]
Youth, till beauty must decay,
And the maid has past away.

THE MERMAID.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Who would be
A Mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
In a golden curl,
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a Mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would be combed and say,
'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown,
Low adown and around:
And I should look like a fountain of gold,
Springing alone,
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea snake under the sea,
From his coiled sleeps, in the central deeps,
Would slowly trace himself seven-fold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me;
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away;
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne, and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds, in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap,
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kist by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea.
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would follow me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

SELECTED TALES.

[From the Cabinet of Entertainment.]

THE HEIR-TRAP.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

'Whither so fast, Catharine? I have word with you.'

'You must be quick, then, for the overseer scolded us yesterday because I was not at my looms before the bell had fairly done ringing.'

'Pshaw! you have not heard the news, then. But you need be in no haste this morning, I can assure you.'

'The news, Miss Pettygrove?' replied the factory girl; 'if you allude to the tidings of Mr. Albury's death, I trust there is not a girl in the village who is ignorant of it. But what news have you heard to authorise me in neglecting my looms, I cannot imagine.'

'Surely, Catharine, you do not mean to insinuate that the owner will run his factory until his brother's remains are under the sod?'

'And surely I do mean to insinuate that nothing less than the death of the owner himself would ever induce him to a forego moment's opportunity of making money.'

'But,' replied Miss Pettygrove,' when an accident has occurred, which places thousands within his grasp, I should think he might well afford to give his dependants one day's relaxation.'

'You do n't pretend to say that the rich brother has made our owner his heir!' cried Catharine, forgetting at once her looms and the crabbed overseer, in the excitement of her new raised curiosity.

'No, Catharine Andrews, I said no such thing,' answered the gossip, compressing her lips as soon the words had escaped them, with the air of one who holds a secret in her possession, which she is resolved no one shall obtain without an effort.

'Well, I do n't know what you mean, then,' said Catharine, motioning to pass on.

'Stop, stop, not so fast,' cried the other, unbending; 'you know, Catharine, that I have always regarded you as a prudent, considerate young woman, worthy of my confidence.'

'Yes, whenever you wish to tell me a secret, or to get one from me; but I never found any of your secrets to be true.'

'Hear one that is true, then,' cried Miss Pettygrove, lifting her fore finger like a sibyl; 'Miss Sophia Albury will soon be married to one of the richest young men in New-England.'

'What! our owner's daughter?' exclaimed Catharine, catching the prophetess by the arm.

'Yes, yes, yes. There will be times for you. But who do you think is the gentleman?'

'The gentleman? Let me think. There is young Stevens, who is thought to be a favorite of hers, but her father has forbidden him the house. So it can't be he. Then there is George Dunning, but he is courting every body, and, besides, he is not rich. Well, I am sure I could not guess in a week.'

'So I thought,' returned Miss Pettygrove; 'you see what it is to be a member of good society, and to be intrusted with the secrets of high life. I have it straight from Mrs. George Baldwin, who, you know, has been a seamstress in your owner's family, that before Mr Albury died he made his son'—

'His son! I never heard of him,' said Catharine.

'How should you hear of him? He has never been in the village. But it seems that he and Sophia have corresponded frequently. You must know that young Frederick, for that is his name, has spent a number of years abroad, and only returned to his native country in time to receive his father's dying blessing. Well, as I was saying, when Mr Albury was on his death bed, he made Frederick promise to call and see his cousin Sophia; and, although he did not wish to control his inclinations—was n't that very good of him? yet, if he could fancy Sophia—Miss Albury I should have said—why then he wished him to marry her.—Well, as soon as the news came of Mr Albury's death, his brother clapped his hands, and, chucking Sophia under the chin, said, 'Now, my love, you must set your cap, for you were betrothed to your cousin Fred. almost before you were born.' So, you see, they are all mightily pleased at the great house, and Sophia is preparing her wedding dress already.'

'Have you done?' asked Catharine.

'Yes.'

'Well, then, Miss Pettygrove, you may mark my words. The heir will never marry Miss Sophia.'

'Hey day! that's presumption, upon my word.—What should prevent him, pray? Is n't Miss Sophia Albury all that a young could desire? Is she not well educated? Is she not accomplished? Did you ever hear a more pretty spoken young lady in your life?'

'O yes,' returned the resolute girl; she is accomplished, and very pretty spoken—too much such so; but, if the young man has lived much abroad, he will perceive that she tries too hard to speak pretty. The gloss of her mind is like the rouge on your cheek; it is just stuck on to make an appearance, but it is not natural, and does not belong there.'

'Fine notions for a poor, slavish factory girl!' cried the exasperated parasite; 'suppose I should relate this conversation to Miss Sophia herself?'

'She might reward you with a piece of the wedding cake,' said Catharine, and immediately ran off to the factory.

About a week after the above conversation, Frederick Albury, having buried his father, and the first gush of sorrow being spent, inquired at the post office for letters. An ashy hue overspread his face when several were presented to him bearing his lamented father's name; for so sudden had been his demise, that his friends at a distance had not even heard of his illness. The postmaster was at that time engaged in examining the mail bag which had just arrived, and presently he threw a letter towards Frederick, which he discovered was directed to himself. The postmark was L——, and he knew it was from his uncle. He went home, and retired to his chamber to read it. The letter began by offering consolation in rather an off-hand, business style, which jarred somewhat with Frederick's sacred grief—especially as his uncle had thought proper to hint that, in grieving for what our Creator has taken away, we ought not to be unmindful of what he has given us in its stead. But an unlucky postscript which rounded off this notable epistle had well nigh proved fatal to Sophia's expectations. This was a request, that Frederick would visit them as soon as he could make it convenient, and, 'as in duty bound,' offer himself and his immense possessions to his daughter.

Frederick read these lines over several times, before he could believe the evidence of his own senses.—He then crushed the hateful scroll in his hands and was about making a vow, that he would never visit the uncle or his daughter, when a slight noise was heard in the entry, and raising his eyes, he saw, standing before the door, a person upon whose countenance he traced the features of his departed parent. He sprang to his feet, and gazed wildly at the apparition, when it vanished, and a moment afterwards he heard it descending the stairs, making a most unghostly noise with its feet, clattering and stamping until the very stair rods jingled beneath the shock. He pursued the intruder to the drawing-room, where he was again encountered and bewildered by the semblance of his father. But, as he perceived that his mother betrayed no emotion in the presence of her guest, he advanced to salute him.

'You have never seen your uncle before,' said Mrs. Albury.

Frederick was again at a loss. Something more than a formal welcome was due to so near a relation; but could he so far disguise his feelings towards the writer of the letter which he held in his hand, as to counterfeit satisfaction at his visit? Fortunately, his uncle saw nothing strange in his deportment, and, by rapidly plunging into discourse, relieved him from his embarrassment.

'I see you take it very hard cousin Frederick. Very natural. Great loss—great loss! But we must bear these things with fortitude. I know what it is. Lost my wife before we had been married three years; about the same time one of my factories caught fire. Well, I built up the factory again, but could n't bring the dead to life. I thought there was no use in grieving for spilt milk, so I plunged into business—had great success—had a fine daughter left—placed all my hopes on her—trained her up carefully—sent her to school—and I may say, without boasting, she has n't disappointed my expectations. My money has not been thrown away upon her.'

'Miss Albury writes a handsome letter,' said Frederick, bowing.

'Oho! how stupid am I!' cried the uncle, fumbling in his pockets, [illegible] forgotten all about, directed to you.'

Frederick broke the seal and read as follows:—

'*My Dear Cousin*:—As my father is in haste to commence his journey, you will pardon any little imperfections that you may discover in the style or substance of this letter. You will, perhaps, be surprised to see my much honored father at your splendid mansion, without having given you warning of his visit. But he is a gentleman who always resolves quickly and executes suddenly. I hope you will not reject the proposal that he intends making you. Think that through him your Sophia entreats, and then your gallantry, (if there were no stonger inducement,) would induce you to comply.

'Be assured that I lament the decease of your much honored father with almost filial sorrow; but we must recollect that it is sinful to grieve at the dispensation of providence.

'I should like to have you with us, for we could console you. It is but two days' journey, and in the company of my honored parent it will seem shorter. I cannot promise you much satisfaction in the company of the people generally of this village. There are not more than three respectable families in it. Mr Thomas Jenkins, who keeps a dry goods store, and Mr Alley, my father's clerk, are worthy of your exalted society.—Mrs Thomas Jenkins is a highly respectable lady, and is the president of a society which we have lately established here, called the 'Society of Respectable Ladies of L——, favorable to Literature.' We shall consider you quite an acquisition to our circumscribed circle, if you think it worth your while to visit us.—

'Your loving cousin, SOPHIA ALBURY.'

This affected and pedantic scrawl was not calculated to recommend Sophia to a person of Frederick's discernment; but he had received letters from her before and therefore her style was not new to him. He was not disposed to judge harshly of the gentle sex, and he knew that nothing was more common than for girls of the middling class, who had been much secluded from society, to perpetrate a moderate degree of affectation—added to which, the woful neglect of female education in our country pleaded strongly in extenuation of her fault. He doubted not that a greater knowledge of the world would cure her of her finicalness.

He could not, therefore refuse, her invitation to accompany her father home, although he would have preferred indulging his grief in the solitude of his own chamber. There is perhaps no sorrow so exclusive, that it will not yield to the sympathy of woman. We are so much accustomed to regard her benevolence as purely disinterested, that we feel guilty of sacrilege when we spurn her attempts at consolation; or, even if we know her to be laboring to fix herself in our hearts, how flattering to us is her selfishness! Something of this Frederick felt when he read Sophia's letter; and, as it was his father's dying request, that he would link his destiny with hers, he was willing to think as favorably of her as possible.

'The saucy jade recommends you to ride out for your health—does she not?' said Mr Albury, as Frederick handed the letter to his mother.

'Yes,' answered Frederick. 'It will be a pleasure to me to visit your house; but before we set out perhaps you would like to take a turn with me, and look at your brother's grave.'

'I should like it much, replied the uncle, 'but I am really in a great hurry to return. I have left my business all at sixes and sevens, and must not neglect the main chance. 'Business before pleasure,' that's my maxim.'

'Pleasure!' sighed Frederick, with a shudder; 'and is this the man,' said he to himself, 'that is to annihilate a portion of the distance between Sophia and myself?'

Mr Albury's carriage was ordered, and in a moment the uncle and nephew were whirling along through the dusty street of the village, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

'My cousin wrote me,' said Frederick, 'that in your company the journey would seem much shorter than ordinary; and, from the sample of which I have already had of your driving, I make no doubt that it will not only have the *semblance*, but the *reality* of shortness.'

'Saving of time,' replied the man of business, 'is the true secret of success. I am of opinion that your father let no grass grow under his feet when he lived abroad. It did well enough for him to retire and enjoy the wealth which he had accumulated in foreign parts; but I who have my fortune yet to make, cannot afford to lie still an hour.'

Frederick now made a vigorous effort to change the conversation, and succeeded. He found his uncle well informed about the state of the country, and possessed of a store of anecdotes, which he related in so dry and unique a manner, as to afford his nephew both instruction and amusement; but he could not be blind to an overweening desire on the part of his uncle, to insinuate himself into his good graces. Strong professions of regard, a singular carefulness to shun disputed topics, and strict attention to his more trifling wants, marked the conduct of his uncle during this journey, and might have created no surprise, had they not been accompanied by an awkwardness which showed plainly they were not natural. It appeared as if he was acting a part in which he wholly disregarded the proper cues.—In short, his behaviour led Frederick to believe he was either very much his friend, or very much his enemy. Had Frederick been informed on the subject, he would have perceived that his uncle was neither his friend nor his enemy, but very much *his own friend*.

When within two miles of the village of L——, they stopped a moment at a public house. As they were about stepping into the carriage, a foppish young man advanced towards them, and made a low bow to Mr. Albury, who did not think proper to deign him the least notice, but Frederick observed [illegible] which was [illegible] by the [illegible] as much as a [illegible] would be by the indignation of a [illegible], and, before he had fairly become seated in his carriage, it had passed from his recollection. They entered the village just as the sun was sinking behind the rocky summit of a distant hill, and at the same time the factory poured forth its crowds of beauty, whose joyous laugh fell upon the ears of the travellers for a moment, ere they were observed scattering in different directions over the lawn. Frederick was much interested at this spectacle; and, as many of the girls passed by him, he had an opportunity to remark their countenances.

'That young girl with black eyes and heavy, curling locks, is certainly interesting,' said he to the owner.

'Her name is Catharine Andrews,' replied the other. 'She is a stranger in the village; but, if you observed that tall girl with a narrow face and sharp chin, she is far superior to her. She tends four looms and earns four dollars a week, besides her board.'

The youth was silent until they reached the house occupied by Mr Albury. It was not unpleasantly situated. Fortunately, art had not been applied here, to cripple and deform the wild scenery of nature. His first impressions of Miss Albury were not unfavorable. She was about the middle height, and her voluptuous form was well calculated to inspire passion in the breast of manhood; her features were decidedly handsome, with the exception of her eyes, but this defect was not perceived at the first glance. The reader will understand me when I say that, although she smiled sweetly, and saluted him cordially when they met, yet Frederick imagined, when he looked at her eyes, that she was not particularly pleased with his appearance.

The little parlor into which he was ushered was remarkable for its neatness. The furniture, though not costly, and rather plain withal, appeared to have been recently polished, and the few volumes which were carefully piled on one end of the sofa looked as clean and unsoiled as if they had never been opened. Conversation soon flagged, and Frederick sought to revive it by the somewhat hackneyed method of examining the books. He failed, however; for upon looking into them he discovered they were of too insipid a character to merit remark.

'I had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of your village girls, as they came out of the factory this evening,' said he, addressing Sophia; 'some of them seem to possess a gracefulness of form and of carriage, that would do no discredit to ladies of a much higher station of life.'

'I never noticed it in the factory girls,' answered Sophia; 'but the Misses Jenkins are quite accomplished.'

'I doubt whether they are more or less so than some of these pretty creatures we met this evening.'

'I cannot understand how it is possible for them to have any accomplishments,' said Sophia; 'I am certain [illegible]'

'If they possess them without being taught, it is certainly a saving of time and money,' said Frederick, looking full at his uncle.

The sarcasm was unfelt, but Mr Albury seemed to feel the force of the *argument*.

Frederick was glad to hear his uncle hint to Sophia, that her cousin probably had an appetite after his journey, and would also like to retire early to bed. Sophia sallied forth to hasten the preparations for the evening repast, and Frederick overheard her reprimanding the maid in the following terms:—

'You load the table as if you were preparing a feast for a dozen mechanics. Do you not know that it is very ungenteel to eat so much victuals?'

Frederick felt as if he could have excused the menial for such a breach of decorum. To speak the truth, he had contracted a most unknightly appetite, by a hard day's ride in the jolting vehicle which had conveyed him thither, especially as his uncle, from motives of economy had not thought proper to stop and dine on the road. Sophia ushered her cousin to the dining room in her most amiable style, and with a countenance festooned with the sweetest smiles she could command; but the same want of cordiality in her eyes—the same hard, stony gaze which he had encountered on his first introduction to her, became more observable, the more she sought to please. On first casting his eyes upon the table, Frederick noticed the spotless purity of the cloth, the nice arrangement of the dishes, and the cleanliness which he thought rather too much encroached on the insides of them. A few small biscuits, which might have passed for large wafers, a spoonful of preserved ginger, half a dozen diminutive cakes, a spot of excellent yellow butter, with coffee and tea, comprised the Lilliputian assortment of eatables. Frederick was pressed to eat by the assiduous young lady at the head of the table, even after he would have found it difficult to obey her for want of material. He arose from the table in no very good humor, as he said to himself, 'the gentility of this supper cannot be called in question;—and if I starve to death at this house, I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying like a *gentleman*.'

Frederick was lighted to the best chamber, and in a moment he sunk into a bed of down so deeply, that he came well nigh smothering; and, as the weather was warm, he was fain to rise at midnight, tumble the feather-bed on the carpet, and stretch himself on the straw tick where he slept soundly until morning. The breakfast was scarcely more substantial than the previous supper, if we omit a small steak, which had scarcely been scorched at the fire, for fear of spoiling its fair proportions. The young aristocrat now thought it high time to interpose a hint, lest his 'respectable' cousin, in her unsuccessful attempts to ape the fashionable world, (where abundance is always combined with neatness,) should ape him out of existence.

'I do n't know,' said he, carelessly, when they sat down to dinner, where every thing was minus two thirds, 'that I ever enjoyed a meal better than one that I eat on the summit of the Andes. While travelling over those mountains, I encountered a party of muleteers, who were sitting around a fire at which they were roasting pumpkins. When I approached the group, one of them stuck a large knife into a pumpkin, severed it in two, and presented one half to me, on the point of a sharp stick. I went on my way eating this piece of pumpkin, which was so large that it kept my masticatory functions in employ for nearly half an hour.'

'I should have considered it a coarse morsel,' said Sophia, looking somewhat shocked.

'Its chief recommendation was, that there was enough of it,' replied Frederick. 'As regards coarseness, I imagine there is but little difference in the appetites of mankind. Let the most pampered favorite of fortune fast for several days, and he will relish the coarsest viands that smoke on the trenchers of the poor.—When persons of quality have suffered shipwreck, they have been found as eager to grasp at a brine soaked biscuit, or the cup of muddy water, as the toughest mariner. In short, if there is any refinement in the mere animal man, I should imagine that the poor laborer could lay the greatest claim to it, since his free exercise in the open air promotes digestion, keeps the blood pure, and gives him a fragrant breath such as the indolent might envy. To these advantages, persons of sedentary habits, or those who live a mere life of pleasure, can lay no claim.'

'You believe there is such a thing as refinement in good society, cousin Frederick—do you not?'

'Most assuredly,' answered the young man; 'the truly refined person will avoid giving offence to his fellow creatures, especially those who are less favored by fortune or by nature than himself. No well bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner towards them—a consistency of word and action, that shall lighten the burthen of humility which they must necessarily feel, as much as possible. This refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. When I see a person very choice of his words, and very dainty at the table, yet capable of insulting the unfortunate or ridiculing distress, I always think of the ass in the lion's skin.'

'Yet surely you believe there is a difference in people? You would support your dignity against the encroachments of the vulgar?' said Sophia.

'I would support the dignity of human nature,' replied Frederick, 'and then I need not fear the encroachments of those who do not support it. Persons who esteem themselves superior, think to make an arbitrary partition between themselves and those whom they choose to consider their inferiors. What does it avail? Suppose I place a partition in a cistern of water; it is true that one portion of the water would be divided from the other, but yet both would be alike—nothing but water. Take out the partition, and pour in oil; the oil will at once divide itself from the water, [illegible] the oil, the water will not seek to mingle with it. It is when they are unavoidably thrown into a promiscuous crowd together, that the line of demarkation may be distinctly traced. The fox will not seek to herd with the elephant, nor the eagle to flock with the raven. The person who finds that it requires exertion, to support his dignity against the encroachments of the vulgar, may harbor a strong distrust of his own nobleness.'

Sophia assented to Frederick's opinion, but it was such an assent as is 'more honored in the breach than the observance.' The youth knew that what he had said was totally at variance with the train of of associations to which the mind of his cousin had been accustomed, if indeed the sentiments were not entirely novel to her. It would be natural, then, to suppose that, if she had so suddenly become a convert to his opinions, the effect of the shock given to her fallen prejudices, and the blasting of the rock on which she had built her self-esteem, would be traced on her countenance, or betrayed by her manner; whereas she merely assented in the careless manner of a girl who is over-persuaded to take another cup of tea, or a broker on 'change, who acknowledges that it is a fine morning. But Frederick had already perceived that both she and his uncle were resolutely determined to adopt, *pro tem.*, every opinion which he though proper to advance—a determination which they followed up with the unvarying regularity and precision of a veteran *toady*. As Frederick had incidentally mentioned a circumstance which took place while he was abroad, his uncle became desirous of hearing some account of his travels. The youth complied with his wish, and gave him and Sophia a detailed history of every thing remarkable which he had seen and suffered in distant climes. In order to make the subject equally interesting to father and daughter, he expatiated, for the benefit of the former, upon the commerce, manufactures, and sources of revenue of other nations, while, to interest the latter, he related anecdotes of illustrious persons, painted the generosity and magnanimity of his heroes in the most glowing colors, and breathed a spirit of poetry into his descriptions, calculated to thrill the heart of romantic woman. But, to his utter astonishment, Sophia betrayed no interest in the most heart touching recitals; in very truth, she seemed hardly to hear them. In vain did Frederick hold up to her the brightest examples of disinterestedness—the most finished pictures of godlike virtue. She listened like one attending to a dull sermon, who is obliged to listen to it because her parents will, on her return home, require her to point out the text, and state the heads of the discourse. Her soulless eyes were indeed fixed upon him, but the marble orbs glowed not with admiration, nor swam with pity. She [illegible] bankers, and the various schemes resorted to, to make [illegible] fortunes, Miss Albury was all alive to the subject, and betrayed more curiosity than could have been expected in a young lady of twenty. These things were not well pleasing to Frederick, and he would soon have tired of his task, had not *another* listener been added to the number of his auditors. So reserved, so shy, so unobtruding, was the young lady who occasionally ventured into Frederick's presence, that she would hardly have pressed upon his notice, had not her manner of listening to his conversation been so very different from that of his cousin. Although seated at a distance from him, he could see her eyes glisten through her luxuriant locks, the color fly her cheek, and her bosom heave, when, encouraged by the absorbing interest she took in the narrative, he launched forth into the most vivid descriptions of romantic incidents and bewitching scenery.

'Pray who is that young lady who called on you last evening?' said Frederick to his cousin, on the morning after her first visit.

'It's one Miss Perkins, a humble friend of mine, that I employed to make me some drawings. I told her to bring them to the house as fast as she had finished them, so she brings me, in the evening, what she has made during the day.'

'You are fond of paintings, then?' exclaimed Frederick, with a countenance which beamed more kindly on Sophia than it had ever done before.

'They are not for myself,' answered she; 'a lady who has heard of Lucretia, knowing that I was acquainted with her, requested me to employ her. I pay Lucretia a trifle for her paintings, for she is not a very bright young woman, and then charge the lady the full price of them, so that I am well paid for my trouble.'

Frederick shuddered, and turned away his face, to conceal the indignation which fired it.

'That she should even glory in her heartless cupidity!' said he inwardly.

'I do n't know—perhaps I am mistaken, said the youth, turning again to Sophia, 'but, really, I think you might have introduced her to me. Wont she consider herself slighted?'

'O. no! she is used to it,' replied Sophia; 'she does not associate with persons of your grade; and, with regard to her being slighted, I do not believe that a young man ever spoke to her in his life. Our beaux of the village despise her for her want of spirit.'

'Despise her—spirit!' said Frederick, musing; 'pray, cousin, what is the difference between a soul and spirit?'

'You are right—you are right,' said Frederick; 'she has no spirit, but has a soul, while those who despise her have spirit, but no souls. Pray what are her circumstances? Has she parents living in the village?'

'Her father is a broken down schoolmaster,' said Sophia, 'living about a mile from this house, in a small cottage. He is laid up with the rheumatism, or some other complaint,' but he has never been well since his wife died. His daughter supports him with her needle and her pencil. I allowed her to visit me because she was capable of giving me some instructions in music, and she has some respectable relations.'

'What! are not she and her father repotable people?' inquired the youth.

'Why—yes—that is—they are repotable—decent people, but nobody visits them, and—you know what I mean.'

'Yes, I think I know very well what you mean,' said Frederick, in a tone of biting irony, which would have split the heart of a maiden who truly loved her lover; but Sophia's love was of a peculiar texture; the spear of Achilles could scarcely have pierced the *golden* armor in which it was encased.

Frederick and his uncle became engaged in conversation at the breakfast table, and sat some time after Sophia had risen. The old gentleman took Frederick into the back garden, to show him a favorite plant, and, the window of the kitchen being open, the latter espied his cousin in the act of filling up the chinks and the gaps of her gentility, which the scanty breakfast had left unoccupied, with a comfortable plaster of baked beans, which she shovelled into her delicate mouth with the address of an Hibernian filling up a marsh for the passage of a rail road.

In the evening, our hero was called upon to while away the time with some farther account of his adventures abroad. He had scarcely commenced, when the light foot-fall of Miss Perkins was heard in the passage, and in a moment she glided into the room. She seated herself by the side of Sophia, where she listened with almost breathless attention to the conversation of Frederick. Another step was heard in the entry, and a young man entered the parlor, whom Frederick at once recognised as the spark who had bowed to his uncle and frowned at him on the steps of the public house. Mr Albury did not speak to him. Sophia coldly gave his name to Frederick, and asked him to be seated.—A conversation ensued on some general topic, but Sophia appeared very uneasy at the presence of young Stevens, and finally said, 'Mr. Stevens, here is Lucretia Perkins, that is going home soon; you had better offer your services.'

Sophia and Stevens exchanged meaning glances, and the latter exclaimed, with mock gallantry, 'Ah! Miss Perkins—ask your pardon—pon honor, did n't see you. You must bring Old Hunks with you, as a safeguard, when you go a visiting.' Sophia laughed applause, but Frederick immediately arose, and asked Stevens to whom he alluded when he spoke of 'Old Hunks.'

The fop first tried to stare Frederick out of countenance, and then replied, 'Who should I mean but her father, old Perkins, the book worm?'

'Then let me tell you said Frederick, 'that, by insulting that harmless and excellent young lady, you have proved yourself to be a puppy, as insolent as you are base.'

[illegible]

'Name it not!' cried Frederick, with a vehemence that made even Mr. Albury look pale; 'Name it not, for—why should I do violence to so contemptible a wretch?'

Stevens seized his hat and hurried away to hide his terrors, but stopped a moment in the passage, to say, you shall hear from me again, sir.'

'Predict not so disgusting an event, I beseech you,' answered Frederick, and calmly resumed his seat.

'Well, I'm glad he's gone,' said Sophia; 'he was always an unwelcome visitor at this house.'

'The sudden start of surprise at this declaration, which Lucretia gave, did not escape the notice of Frederick. He went on with his narrative, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it; but he observed the conduct of Lucretia was entirely changed. Instead of fixing her eyes steadfastly on him, she now sat with her face somewhat averted; instead of appearing absorbed in his story, she seemed to be laboring under some deep emotion, which more nearly concerned herself; but he detected her casting one glance at him by stealth, and such a glance! Years could not efface it from his memory. Frederick spoke kindly to her, and asked permission to look at her paintings. She advanced to place them before him. He hastily rose to check her, and it was well he did so; for she trembled so violently, that she was scarcely able to get back to her chair. He opened one of the pictures, and his eye had scarcely fell upon it, when he started back with amazement.

'This is not your work?' cried he.

She answered in the affirmative. He examined the others, and quickly said, 'You have studied under the best masters, no doubt.'

'None but my father,' faltered she.

'I must see your father. I should be proud of his acquaintance. I must know his history. He is a man of genius, and an honor to his country. It may be in my power to befriend him greatly,' said the youth, as he invited the attention of his uncle to one of the pictures.

Sophia did not look very kindly upon Lucretia while this dialogue was going on between her future husband and her despised 'humble friend;' but the latter perceived not the malign stare with which Sophia appeared to be endeavoring to annihilate her. She had heard Frederick say that he would visit her father, and might be able to befriend him. She had involuntarily risen to her feet. Her cheeks were glowing with rapture; her bosom was swelling with gratitude, and her matchless eyes beamed with the first dawn of joy that had broken upon her heart for years. At that moment, Frederick approached her to return the pictures. He stopped short as his eyes fell full upon her unrivalled form, and more than earthly beauty.

'I shall want a large picture drawn for myself in a [illegible] few days.' So saying, he took out a bill of fifty dollars, and, wrapping it in several folds of paper, that she might not know its amount until she had gone home, he placed it in her hands, and she departed.

On the next day, several young ladies and gentlemen, from an adjoining town, stopped at Mr. Albury's mansion, and announced that they were on the way to Niagara Falls, and had determined that Sophia should accompany them. But Sophia and her father seemed to think they should have been consulted before such a determination was formed. Their scruples vanished, however, when Fredrick declared he believed that the advantage to Sophia, from such an excursion, would be incalculable, and gently hinted, that on such occasions the gallant always pays his lady's expenses.

The party tarried all night at the village, and in the morning Frederick and Sophia joined them in their travels. They embarked at Providence for New York; from thence, a steamer conveyed them to Albany. On account of the multitude of locks between Albany and Schenectady, they took the packet boat at the latter place, and proceeded up the grand canal. In vain did Frederick endeavor to fix the attention of Sophia upon the romantic scenery which environed them. The blitheness of her female companions imparted something like elasticity to her spirits, but nothing could arouse her to a sense of the beautiful, the sublime, or the terrific. Her joys were selfish, and her heart was chilled by the lust of gain.

They at length reached the falls. A goodly company was already assembled at Forsyth's, and they walked forth in a body, to view the cataract. Frederick watched the effect upon his cousin. She said something about water privileges, which the noise of the fall prevented him from understanding. In truth, he was glad to listen to the ceaseless thunder of ages, at the expense of her remarks. Several of the young men belonging to Frederick's party proposed going under the falls, behind the sheet of falling water.

'How foolish!' said Sophia to Frederick; 'what good will that do?'

'It will afford pleasure,' said Frederick, 'and I am resolved to accompany them.'

Frederick accompanied three of the party to a little shed near the spiral stairs, where they obtained dresses suitable for the occasion, and then, descending the stairs, wended their way towards the bottom of the falls. A guide passed on before them. They began to enter the water-roofed hall, between the descending torrent and the everlasting rock over which it pours. The flying spray made some of them give back at first, and, after they had progressed several rods, they found it rather difficult to breathe. The guide soon informed them that they could go no farther, as there was a precipice a short distance ahead, which bounded the promenade; but Frederick and another young man could see a few rods before them where the footing was good, and resolved to advance and explore still farther, even to the brink of the precipice. They went forward with perfect safety, until a sudden cloud of blinding spray enveloped them, and prevented their discovering their real situation.—Frederick was ahead of his companion, and did not stop as the latter did, when assailed by the fresh accession of spray. In the next moment, the hindermost adventurer heard Frederick fall, uttering a short exclamation at the same time. The spray just then cleared off, and the edge of the fatal precipice was in full view, a few feet before the young man, but Frederick was gone—fallen from the dizzy verge! He ran back to his companions, who were just emerging with the guide from the watery cavern. With wildness in his eyes, he related what had happened to Frederick.

'Let us go immediately to the spot, and see if—'

'No, gentlemen,' replied the guide, 'it will be of no avail; if he has fallen off the rock, he is before this time dashed to atoms beneath the torrent.'

The young men ran back, however, to satisfy themselves that he was actually gone, and returned to the open air with downcast looks and aching hearts. They ascended the stairs, and communicated the melancholy intelligence to the whole party. Sophia was very naturally shocked at the annunciation, that he who left her but a few moments before, in full health and strength, was now a mangled corpse in the dark and uncertain caves hollowed by the rushing cataract.

The party had lost all relish for farther amusement.—They took a mournful leave of the spot, and immediately set out for home, to convey the sad tidings of Frederick's doom to his relations and friends, whom he had left behind when he set out on this ill-fated adventure.

Frederick's companions had been gone about three hours, when a young sailor applied at the little shed for a suit of duck, for the purpose of wandering behind the falls. The guide shook his head, and advised him not to venture, acquainting him with the catastrophe which had happened a few hours before. 'I'm not to be frightened by your big bears,' said the youth; 'I'll go now at any rate, since you try to scare me out of it.'

Perceiving that the sailor was a little intoxicated, the guide persisted in denying the request, which only rendered the lad more headstrong.

'Keep your [illegible],' cried he; 'I'll go as I am, and no thanks to you for your outlandish rigging.' So saying, he dashed down the spiral stairs, and in a moment was hidden behind the torrent. He groped his way farther onward, until he reached the very brink of the precipice. At that moment a stone flew up from beneath, and struck him on the head.

'Ha!' cried he, 'stones falling upward! what sort of a country is this that I've got into?'

Another stone, around which was wrapped a silk handkerchief, next came vaulting from the abyss.

'Aha! this looks like something. What sort of a yarn was it that cursed land-lubber up aloft there told me about a man falling down this place? Halloo there! halloo! below there! By Heaven, I can't hardly hear myself talk, much less any poor fellow that's [illegible] under the ocean.' Away he ran; he bounded up the spiral staircase with the stone and handkerchief in his hand, and bawled lustily for assistance. His story was soon told. A long rope was procured, and three men followed the young sailor to the frightful verge of the precipice. No sign of life appeared; [illegible] profound; the sullen roar of the eternal [illegible] muttering to the everlasting solitude, and the blinding spray came up in such volumes, as to prevent the adventurers from discoursing even by signs. The sailor fastened one end of the rope to his body, and gave the [illegible] to the hands of his companions, [illegible]. They signified their approval of his plan by grasping his hand and shaking it. For a moment, the spray cleared off, and he was able to make himself heard, as he said, 'Lower me down; pull up when I shake the rope.' He slid off the precipice; he descended about twenty feet, when he was arrested by a small shelf of the rock. He was surprised to find that the spray was not so thick here as he had found it on the summit. He saw the body of a man lying prone on the shelf, a few feet from him. He hastily cast off the rope from his own body, and tied the end of it around the waist of his inanimate companion. He gave the signal, and Frederick was drawn up. The rope was again lowered, and the sailor, seizing it, ran up like a cat, almost without touching his feet to the cordage. Frederick was hastily borne out into the open air, and was soon restored to consciousness; but he was so weak, that he needed support in mounting the stairs.

'Pray,' said he, as soon as he was fairly recovered, 'how many persons are acquainted with the circumstances of my rescue?'

'None but we that are present,' answered the guide: 'this is the hour for dinner, and every visitor had retired to the hotel, when this young man brought us the tidings of your being alive.'

'Then,' said Frederick, hastily, 'let no man know that I have been saved. Let every one suppose me lost for a few days. I have important reasons for requiring your secrecy. I will give you twenty dollars apiece for your trouble in releasing me from my perilous situation.'

The men agreed to maintain a perfect silence with regard to what had happened, until they should see it publicly announced in the newspapers, that he was yet alive.

Fortunately, Frederick's clothing was still under lock and key, in the little cabin of the guide, his companions having departed under such a state of trepidation, that they had forgotten he changed his dress when he descended the spiral stairs. Frederick put on his clothes, and, walking up to Forsyth's, mingled with the crowd of strangers, where he heard them remarking on the misfortune which they imagined had happened to himself.

'The guide gave him timely warning of his danger,' said one, 'but he rashly persisted in rushing on his fate.'

'Ah! his time was come,' drawled out an old woman; 'when a person's time is come, nothing can save him.'

'He was very rich, they say,' cried a young dandy; 'Egad! I should like to be his heir.'

'Had he a wife?' said an elderly man, addressing the bar-keeper. [illegible] 'but there was a young lady in his company.'

'How did the young lady take the news of his misfortune?' inquired Frederick, carelessly.

'Very much like a woman who has lost five hundred thousand pounds,' answered the bar-keeper, laughing. 'I actually overheard her say that all his fortune would now go to his mother, who could do well enough without it.'

Frederick asked no more questions, having discovered, with some other individuals who have been similarly circumstanced, that it is not very agreeable to hear people talk about us after we are dead.

Frederick Albury, the hero of our tale, had promised his father, on his death-bed, that he would marry his cousin Sophia, unless some very important objection to their union should arise. He had visited her at her father's house; he had found many traits in her character which were revolting to his very soul, but still he had hoped that, by separating her from her avaricious parent, and introducing her into the society of persons of enlarged and liberal minds, he should be able to transform her into a being whom he could love. His heart had not been enthralled by her beauty, for he had seen many women much handsomer than she; but a stream of gratitude had arisen in his mind, which took its rise from the many kind attentions which he had received from her, and the unwearied endeavors which she had taken to render herself agreeable to him—mistaken as those endeavors might sometimes have been. But a strong suspicion had thrown its lurid glare over his mind, that her heart was not all his own; and, finally, the rapacious love of money, which was discoverable in every word and look of his cousin, had impressed him with a vague apprehension, that she was aiming at his fortune, and not at himself. The accident which we have just related seemed to place it in his power to obtain such proof of her duplicity as would enable him to retreat with honor, and leave the field to young Stevens, who he believed had received more encouragement from her than she would be willing to acknowledge to him.

He accordingly sprang into the first stage, and returned to Buffalo, where he learned his cousin and her friends had made the best of their way home. He followed them. He arrived at his own mansion in time to guard his mother against the report of his death, which would soon be 'broken to her in the gentlest manner.' He eluded the ken of the servants, and proceeded to disguise himself in the following manner, for his intended expedition; he hid his own raven locks under a coarse wig of red hair, put a large patch upon one side of his nose, bound a cotton handkerchief around his face, which covered his whiskers, and tied it at the top of his head; he put on an old slouched hat, a large gray surtout, striped woollen trowsers, and heavy cowhide shoes. Thus equipped, he set out early in the morning on foot, for the village of L——, where the [illegible] Sophia resided—inconsolable, no doubt, for the loss of her lover. As he was burthened with a small trunk, which contained a change of apparel, his journey would have been long and tedious, had he not frequently received invitations from waggoners and others, to get up and ride. He generally rewarded these good natured travellers with a few shillings, which they at first refused to accept, on account of his apparent poverty.

Thus did he journey leisurely forward, until, on the evening of the third day, he spied the blazing windows of the village of L——, in the distance. He felt somewhat weary, and his appetite was good. He resolved to stop at some farm-house, and request lodging for the night. He knocked at the door of a substantial cottage, but was informed by the master of the house, that he did not entertain travellers. 'The tavern is just a mile distant,' said the yeoman; 'you can be accommodated there.'

'But I have no money,' said Frederick.

'That is the very reason that I will not take you in,' replied the other, slamming the door in Frederick's face.

'Now there is a fellow,' said Frederick, as he walked away, 'who, I'll be sworn, finds it difficult to raise money enough to pay his taxes, and yet he spurns a man for his poverty with as much haughtiness as if he were himself worth a million. It is a comfort to the world [illegible] to know there is some one in the world lower than him, and yet, no doubt, he heartily envies the pride of his wealthier neighbors, who [illegible] him.'

The pilgrim went on a few rods farther. A small cabin, with but two small windows, attracted his attention. 'I will call here by way of experiment,' thought Frederick. 'As my [illegible]

on the back of this man's [illegible] circumstances, than even those of his inhospitable neighbor, I may expect still harsher usage at the hovel than I met with at the cottage.'

Frederick approached the [illegible] for a moment, and rapped humbly at the door.

'Walk in,' replied a deep, manly voice.

Frederick raised the latch and entered, but started upon encountering the wasted figure of a man, upon whose brow the highest order of intellect was indubitably stamped. He sat at a little table covered with books and papers; several masterly specimens of drawing hung against the walls, and an old celestial globe stood in the corner. There was a singular combination of dignity and benevolence in the manner in which he welcomed the youth to his lowly dwelling, and requested him to be seated.

'I fear I have intruded upon your leisure,' said Frederick, bowing; 'but, being benighted on my journey, I have taken the liberty to crave your hospitality.'

The intelligent glance of the host convinced Frederick that he had annihilated his red wig, patch, and striped trowsers, by so polite a speech. But he had gone too far to recede.

'I should suppose,' said the host, interrupted occasionally by a dry cough, 'that you had seen better days.'

'That's true,' replied Frederick; 'I have been peculiarly unfortunate. I was a merchant's clerk, but in an evil hour committed a forgery for which I was sentenced to the state prison. I am just discharged from that dreary abode, and hope you will not spurn me from your door on that account.'

'Those criminals upon whom the sword of the law falls are generally the *boldest*, but not the most dangerous and virulent enemies of mankind,' replied the other. 'The tongue of licensed slander has done more mischief to society than the poniard of the assassin; and the [illegible] have been more baleful in their effects than the 'stand and deliver' of the open robber. You are welcome to my house and my table. If you have been criminal, there is but one that can say you will be so again; but, as you have been unfortunate, I pity you.'

A conversation on a variety of topics ensued. Frederick knew it was too late to affect ignorance of literature, but still he was convinced that his extraordinary host had no suspicion of his true character. He therefore 'checked half his strength,' and discoursed as any merchant's clerk, of tolerable parts, may be supposed to talk. After supper, Frederick rose and said, 'I believe you have no accommodations for a lodger, and will not, therefore, trouble you farther; but I shall not forget your kindness.'

'Stop a moment,' said his host; 'here are five dollars, which you may find of some service to you on the road.'

'Thank you,' said Frederick; 'you seem to be in comfortable circumstances. I had feared that you were suffering from poverty.'

'We owe it to a magnanimous youth, now no more, that we are not suffering from poverty.'

'Then you have a wife?' asked Frederick.

'No, sir, but a daughter to whom the noble but unfortunate Frederick Albury presented fifty dollars, and in a manner so delicate that she knew not the value of the present when she received it.'

Frederick turned away to conceal his emotions at this discovery.

'She is not with you, I perceive,' said the youth.

'She is,' answered the the father, with a sigh, 'but so unwell, that I sometimes fear her continuance on earth will be short.'

Frederick had great difficulty to command his voice as he said, 'Has she been long unwell, sir?'

'No,' returned Mr. Perkins; 'the news reached us, day before yesterday, that our generous benefactor had perished at the Falls of Niagara. She fell as dead into my arms, at the moment the dismal tidings were announced. It was some time before she was restored, but continual fainting fits succeeded, and she is at this moment languishing on a bed of sickness.'

'I have a balm to heal her griefs,' said Frederick, young Albury is not dead. I saw him at his own house, when I passed through the village where he resides.—He was almost miraculously discovered, clinging to a rock, three hours after his companions had left him in despair.'

'Thank God!' cried Mr. Perkins, with such energy as to arouse his daughter, who was tossing in uneasy slumbers in the adjoining apartment.

'Father, father, are you more unwell?' cried a plaintive voice, which Frederick at once recognised.

'I have glorious news for you, my child! There are tidings of—'

'Frederick Albury!' exclaimed the daughter, in a tone that thrilled to the heart of the incognito.

In a moment Lucretia staggered into the room.

'You are imprudent, my daughter,' said her father, in alarm.

Frederick was shocked at her altered appearance, but turned away his eyes when he perceived that she was embarrassed at finding a stranger with her father.

'Our benefactor is alive and well,' said Mr. Perkins; 'he is at his own house.'

Lucretia no longer restrained her feelings; indeed, she could not. She fell on her knees, and thanked Heaven with as much fervor as if her own person had been reprieved from an ignominious death.

'I shall soon be well, father,' said she.

'My dear, too much joy is sometimes as fatal as too much sorrow. You had better compose yourself, and try to sleep.'

'I may go to bed, said she, 'but there will be no sleep for me this night.'

Frederick bade his entertainer good night, and retired from the hut, agitated by indescribable emotions.

Frederick had hoped that he should not be under the necessity of putting up at the tavern, as the landlord had contracted a slight acquaintance with him, during his previous visit to L——; and that our hero was a particular customer at taverns, in general, but an occasional luncheon, which he took at the house of mine host, went far to establish his cousin Sophia's reputation for giving genteel dinners. But Frederick's apprehensions were needless. He had 'reckoned without *his host*,' as the event fully proved. After spending the night in the cock-loft of this venerable hotel, where he was prevented from sleep, by being obliged to maintain a desperate resistance against the attacks of legions of fleas and bed-bugs, he descended to the bar-room, and ordered breakfast. The landlord eyed him in a manner not the most respectful, and told him he might have a piece of bread and cheese in the bar-room, but that he would not set a table for him. The youth submitted patiently to this degradation, but his trials were not at an end. He loitered about the tavern, occasionally catching a glimpse of Sophia, who lived nearly opposite, and seemed to be in as good spirits as ever. But in the course of a couple of hours the landlord's worldly eye again fell upon Frederick.

'I think it's about time for you to be tramping,' said the host. 'You've had a night's lodging and your breakfast, and now you'd better go. I do'nt keep a house for such fellows as you.'

Frederick quietly took his [illegible] and went to a small tavern, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, where the poorer class of people were accustomed to put up, and was received by the landlord with a bow and a smile.

Frederick left his trunk at this inferior tavern, and sauntered about the village, but saw no more of the gentle Sophia. It was not until about the middle of the afternoon, that an opportunity presented for speeding his business. He saw a waggoner deposit a load of charcoal before his uncle's door, and presently the old gentleman appeared, looking eagerly about him, as if seeking a man to carry it into the house. Frederick hastened up to the man of business, and asked him if he wanted help.

'Yes,' said Mr. Albury, 'I want a good man, to carry in this coal. What do you charge?'

Frederick was at a loss, but answered on a venture, 'Two shillings.'

He saw his uncle's eye gleam a moment, but he quickly veiled his satisfaction, and replied, 'That's too much. Did you ever carry in much coal?'

'Never, sir.'

'Well, then, one shilling is the regular price. Will you do it for that?' said his uncle.

'Yes, sir, with pleasure,' said the youth, anxious to commence operations.

'Hem! with pleasure, boy!' followed up the employer; 'but [illegible] think, a ninepence is enough for such a coal as this. You were thinking of sea-coal.'

'O, yes,' said Frederick, 'so I was. Well, then, I'll do it for four-pence, and that's the lowest.'

'Come to me for your pay,' hurried his uncle, as he walked off; 'I may give you some more work, if you don't spill [illegible] on the [illegible] or in the entry.'

Frederick commenced carrying in the coal, in a basket which the kitchen [illegible] had loaned him with [illegible].

With [illegible] dignity the accomplished Miss Albury pointed out to Frederick the place in which it was her [illegible] the coal should be deposited. Never did her hard eye look so cold and unfeelingly on Frederick [illegible] while she [illegible] his [illegible] with regard to the coal. He continued steadily at his task, without seeing Sophia again until near sundown, when he encountered her at the entry, and, partly by accident, partly by design, grazed her shoulder with the rim of his basket.

'Brute!' cried she, 'are you intoxicated? I have a great mind to call a man, and have you well kicked out.'

Towards night, several laborers gathered around Frederick, and began to [illegible] conversation.

'How much does the old fellow pay you for carrying in this load?' enquired they.

'Four-pence.'

'Four-pence!' exclaimed they; 'why, don't you know the regular price is three shillings?'

Frederick declared it was the first time he had carried coal.

'Well, you are working under price,' said they, 'and, if you do'nt at the old skin-flint about it, and demand more wages, you are no man.'

'I suppose he considers the bargain already concluded,' replied Frederick.

'You are working under price, and ruining our business,' cried one, 'and you've no spunk if you do'nt talk up to Albury when he comes.'

'You seem to me to be a real sneak,' exclaimed another.

'There comes the old fellow now, with his hands behind him and his head down, studying out deviltry,' cried another; 'now you must just tell him, up and down, that he shall give you the regular price for carrying in his coal.'

Thus beset, Frederick saw no way to escape, and, as soon as his uncle came up, said, 'I believe, sir, that you do not give me a fair price for this job.'

'How's that?' cried Mr. Albury, staring; 'I give you your own price.'

'But you took advantage of my ignorance, (cries of 'good! good!') and you must give me three shillings.'

'You may go about your business, if you do not wish to do it,' said the employer, 'and I will employ somebody else.'

'Yes, sir, but you will observe that the coal is nearly all carried in.'

'What's the matter here?' cried young Stevens, coming up. 'Mr. Albury, your servant, sir.'

'Ah! good evening, good evening,' said Mr Albury, very kindly. 'Why, you see, Mr. Stevens, here's a fellow that I took pity on, and employed to keep him from starving, and he now grumbles about his wages.'

Stevens approached Frederick with his cane raised, and said, 'Let me hear another word out of your lips, you impudent vagabond, and I'll splinter this cane upon your back.'

Frederick glanced around to see what effect his threat would have on the laborers, and discovered them all stealing off, leaving him to fight his own battles.

Sophia met Stevens at the door, and invited him into the house.

'So, so' said our *hero*, inwardly; 'it seems that friend Stevens is established in all the privileges and immunities of an accepted lover.'

When he had finished his labor, Frederick called on his uncle for his pay, and humbly requested permission to sleep in the barn. The boon was granted him, on condition that he would do a job of work on the next day, to pay for his lodgings.

Frederick retired to the barn, and, ascending the hay-loft, sought a convenient place from which he could descry the movements in the house. He found a large crevice between two boards, on that side of the barn which faced the mansion; but the little parlor was not in view from his observatory. He stretched himself upon the new-mown hay, and became absorbed in contemplation. He lay about an hour, and the evening was somewhat advanced, when he was aroused by the sound of voices. He started up, and, looking through the crevice, perceived that Stevens and Sophia were alone together, in a small room, the window of which opened directly in range of his loop-hole, so that his eye could sweep about six feet of the room. They sat very near each other, and seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation. Frederick slipped down from the hay-mow, and, sallying softly from the barn, ascended a piazza which ran along the side of the house, and crouching under the window, listened to the soft things which the lovers were pouring into each other's ears. 'Pon honor, Sophia, I really thought you dealt unfairly by me,' said Stevens, 'to encourage your cousin, after you had given your solemn promise to me.'

'I thought you were never going to mention that trifling affair again,' said Sophia. 'How often must I repeat to you, that if I had married him you should have had the use of half his fortune! What young lady would not jump at the chance of so splendid an establishment? and then my duty to my father, too, you know.'

'Then you will sincerely declare that you never loved him.'

'*Love him!*' exclaimed she, 'I would as soon think of [illegible] with his wild stuff about heroes and heroines, generosity and patriotism, that I could scarcely endure his presence.'

'Well, then, take this, my dear angel; it is my miniature. I got it drawn on purpose for you. It cost me sixteen shillings.'

'I will keep it most sacredly, my dear John. Sixteen shillings! it would not sell for so much, of course?'

'Ah! what noise is that?' cried Stevens, as Frederick, in endeavoring to raise his head, to get a peep at the miniature, knocked down a flower pot.

Sophia ran to the window and screamed, 'It is that filthy coal-man, as sure as I'm alive!'

Frederick retreated, but Stevens sprang out and gave him chase. The former would have escaped, had not a large duck-pond stopped his way. On came Stevens, and gave Frederick a smart blow with his cane. Our hero seized the fop lifted him from the ground, and pitched him head foremost into the pond, where he left him to get out the best way he could, and then directed his course towards the little tavern.

On the next morning, Frederick, having equipped himself in his usual apparel, knocked at the door of Mr Albury. The maid screamed as she opened it, which brought Sophia into the entry, who screamed too, but not so naturally as the maid.

'Do my eyes deceive me? O, can it be possible?—My dear, dearest Frederick!' cried Sophia, as Frederick led her into the parlor. Miss Albury then tried to faint, but she gave up the attempt in despair. She was not a proficient in that art, for want of practice. But she made up the deficiency by lavishing every tender epithet upon the youth whose money she so much loved, until even she almost doubted whether what he had seen and heard on the preceding night was not a delusion of fancy. But she did not taper off well. She recovered from her ecstasy too abruptly. She had too great a command of her feelings. And when her stern, masculine eyes again fell upon Frederick, his iron purpose was irrecoverably fixed.

Mr Albury came in at breakfast time, and was as much amazed as overjoyed, to see the five hundred thousand pounds had come back again. After much explanation, congratulation, wonderment, and flattery, they sat down to breakfast.

'Miss Albury,' said Frederick, splitting a tiny biscuit with great gravity, 'on which side shall I butter this biscuit?'

'On the inside, certainly.'

'Ay, the inside; right—right. Now I know as well as you, on which side my bread should be buttered. Well, I have separated the two halves of this biscuit, which, before I interfered, were closely combined with each other. Now I have buttered one of the halves—only one of them, mind you. Now I place the two halves together; and, although I only buttered one half, you see, as I open them, that both the halves are buttered.'

'Well, dear cousin, I see it is so.'

'Exactly. It is like a man's enriching his friend, who divides these riches with another friend, to whom he is more nearly attached than his benefactor.'

'A very good comparison,' said Mr Albury, but Sophia looked perplexed.

'When you become the mistress of my house' said Frederick, 'you will have a great many servants to manage. Of course you will treat them kindly?'

'I always treat domestics kindly,' said Sophia.

'If one of them were carrying a basket of coal, and happened to touch your shoulder with it, you would not call him a brute, would you, my kind cousin?'

Sophia started, but Frederick looked innocent, and she replied, 'I hope I should not be so vulgar.'

'If I should make you the mistress of my fair possessions—place the keys of my money chests in your hands, would not my generosity make you sick? would not you as soon think of loving a sooty man as one who could be so rash?'

'Why, how you talk!' said she turning pale.

'You are a dealer in pictures, I believe,' said Frederick; 'have you not something to sell me? I want to purchase a miniature worth about sixteen shillings.'

Sophia fell back in her chair, and regarded Frederick with an expression so [illegible] that he would [illegible] no further. He arose, and, looking at her with a [illegible], in which indignation struggled with scorn, he said, 'False and heartless being! instead of linking my destiny with yours, would to Heaven that I could [illegible] which [illegible] a woman whom I so much doted!' Then turning to his uncle, he said [illegible], 'whenever you [illegible] into the house, drop me a line, and I will wait on you; for [illegible] times.' He then walked out of the house, without waiting for an answer.

'Father,' said Sophia, when Frederick had departed, 'he was the man who brought in the coal, and knows [illegible].'

'I [illegible] now it is,' said Mr Albury. '[illegible] There's a [illegible] of property [illegible] this morning [illegible] Twenty [illegible].'

But Stevens [illegible] him in his teeth, and it was not in Sophia's power to make him turn, though she pulled so lustily on the curb. As soon as he heard Frederick had returned, he started for Connecticut, in which state lived a girl whom he had abandoned for the sake of Sophia. Although the latter wrote to him repeatedly, she received no answer. His marriage was announced in the public prints just two months after he left L——, when Sophia delivered a long lecture to her father, on the inconstancy of men.

A week after Frederick parted from his uncle and cousin, a chariot stopped before the cot of Mr Perkins. A fine-looking youth alighted from it, and entered the cabin. Lucretia was engaged in cooking dinner for herself and father. Mr Perkins was sitting with his arms folded, his eyes bent upon his daughter, in a musing mood. He thought aloud: 'Alas! for thy poor child who shall protect you from the world's rough storms when I am gone?'

Just then the door opened, and the youth entered.—Lucretia dropped her spoon, and starting back, exclaimed 'Mr Albury!'

'Yes, my gentle Lucretia,' said Frederick, 'it is I.' Then, turning to Mr Perkins, he said, 'I once partook of your hospitality. I have now come to *invite* you and your daughter to share mine.''

Mr Perkins expressed many thanks, but said, I am not aware that I ever enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you under my roof before.'

'Do you know this bill?' asked Frederick, handing him the one which Mr Perkins had given him.

'I do,' said the other; 'it passed from me into the hands of a poor wanderer who—'

'I only want the addition of a red wig, a patch and—'

'Your voice!' exclaimed Mr. Perkins—'I should have recollected it.'

The confusion of Lucretia, at discovering that Frederick had been a witness to the deep interest which she manifested for him, on hearing of his safety, rendered her inexpressibly lovely.

'Blush not, fair Lucretia,' said Frederick; 'I should have grieved as much at your death, as you could possibly grieve at mine. My dear sir, you have probably heard that I lately lost a most indulgent father; tell me that, with Lucretia's consent, will you supply his place.'

At the sound of these words, Lucretia was so deeply affected, that she would have fallen to the floor, had not Frederick prevented her. She hid *her* face in his bosom, and sobbed aloud.

'Heaven, thou hast answered my prayer, and sent a guardian angel to shield my frail offspring from the arrows of adversity, when I shall be no more at hand to watch over her,' cried Mr Perkins.

Lucretia immediately became the wife of Frederick. The happy couple are still in the prime of life, and their home is the seat of heavenly bliss. Mr Perkins died about two years after their union. He left two grand children behind him.

But what shall we say of Sophia? Nothing; for why throw any impediment in the way of her getting a husband? Why blast the prospects of a despairing old maid who is already sufficiently despised by all who know her?

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen Monday:

The Board concurred with the Common Council in an amendment to the resolve to complete the iron fence around the Common.

The Committee on Streets reported that it is inexpedient to discontinue Flounder alley. Accepted.

Petitions of H. C. Mackay, in behalf of the proprietors of Rowe's wharf to have Broad street extended on their westerly line fifty feet wide; of Robert G. Shaw and others, to have the level of Somerset street farther reduced; of Joseph Pray and others, to have lamps lighted at South Boston; of Edward Tuckerman, that a common sewer be made near Dover street. Referred.

The use of Faneuil Hall was granted to the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association for their triennial celebration.

Resolve passed to open Garland street 24 feet wide, from Washington to Suffolk streets.

Memorial of George Smith and others, offering to take charge of Engine No. 4[illegible], of Primary School Committee for [illegible]. Referred.

Warrant granted to Elijah H. Bagnall, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine No. 12.

Leave was granted to the heirs of Thomas Williams to sink a well in Commercial street, near Hanover street.

The committee on public buildings were instructed to fit up the Ward Room in the School house in East Boston, and furnish the same, for Ward No. 12.

Motion made to widen Hawley street did not prevail.

From the National Intelligencer.

FROM NACOGDOCHES. The Public has heard scarcely any thing from Gen. Gaines's head quarters since his letter of the 10th of July, announcing his intention to march a part of his army to Nacogdoches; and from that post itself we had, indeed, begun to create doubts in the minds of some people whether Gen. Gaines had, in fact, compromised the neutral obligations of his country, by a military movement into the Mexican territory; but the annexed extract from a letter received yesterday by one of our citizens, from an officer at Nacogdoches, settles the question, and shows that a detachment of our army is in actual occupation of that Mexican town:

Extract of a letter from an officer of the U. S. Army, dated Camp Nacogdoches, Aug. 4, 1836.

'Since I last addressed you from Fort Towson, I have performed another march of near two hundred miles, and now, on a small hill which terminates, or rather on which Nacogdoches partly stands, our encampment is spread. We were two weeks accomplishing the march, which was truly fatiguing. Part of the country over which we passed had never been travelled before, except by men on horseback; and as we were encumbered with ox teams, a road had necessarily to be cut as we advanced, which caused great delay, even when no river was to be crossed, and the trouble incident to building bridges and rafts did not occur to detain us. We reached this place about a week ago, and the firing of a small piece of artillery on our approach told of a favorable reception. The inhabitants are extremely polite and obliging, but many of them have left the town in consequence of the hostile attitude of the neighboring Indians, who are said to be so numerous that some do not consider the town safe now, notwithstanding the presence of the U. S. troops.

'Yesterday evening the roaring of the artillery and the sound of martial music announced the arrival of General Houston and staff. He seems to have suffered in health, and the wound he received at the battle of San Jacinto confines him still to his crutches.

'Report said a week or two since that ten thousand Mexicans were on their march to Texas, but, like most reports of the kind, it proved to be incorrect, though it is yet believed that about two thousand are embodied at Metamoras. The Texian army is daily increasing in strength and confidence, and will doubtless be able successfully to oppose any force that can be brought against them.'

FROM ENGLAND.—By the arrival of the packet ship United States, Captain Holdredge, at New York, English papers to August 9 have been received. They contain no news of importance.

The session of Parliament it was expected would be closed about the 22d of August.

An interesting discussion on Texas affairs occurred in Parliament on the 5th of August.

In the House of Commons on the 5th, the Church Temporalities Bill (Ireland) after a short conversation, was read a third time and passed.

FROM TEXAS.—Col. Wilson and a large portion of the soldier emigrants who accompanied him to Texas, have returned from thence much disaffected, according to the Louisville, (Ky.) Gazette. They state that, notwithstanding their services, the Government would not award the land promised. They also represent the morals and virtue of the Texans in no flattering light; theft and robberies being so common that they are almost an every day occurrence.—*Evening Star.*

Oh! blessed country! Most righteous government! 'A Daniel come to judgment! Now, Jew, I have thee on the hip!'

MILITARY. Orders have been transmitted from Head Quarters for the Fall review of the First Division by Regiments of Volunteer Companies between the 15th of September and the 15th of October. The Regiment of Light Infantry and the Battalion of Artillery of the Third Brigade will assemble on the Common on Tuesday the 20th inst. The Brigade Line will be formed for review at 12 o'clock M.—

ACCIDENT. The Brunswick Register says that Mr. Frinston Richards of B. was killed while engaged in blasting rocks near the Upper Mills. He stood within two feet of the rock when the explosion took place, and was blown several rods. A wife and several children have been left to mourn his melancholy fate.

BATTLE AT FORT DRANE.—Major Pierce, recently ordered to Florida, has had a severe action with the Indians under Powell at Fort Drane. Having heard that a large body were encamped there, he started with a detachment of 120 men, and surprised them in the morning about day-break. A considerable number of Indians were killed, among them some noted warriors. The force of the Indians was estimated at 300, and the whites at 120.

RETURN OF THE ANN PARRY.—This Whale Ship, after an absence of three years and eight months, returned to our harbor on Wednesday last, with a freight of 1850 bbls. Those who were engaged in the voyage will doubtless receive a satisfactory compensation for their adventure.—In 1828 [illegible] 32 Whale Ships [illegible] of Payne with 42,000 bbls of oil. Tonnage, 29,715, and 2500 men.—*Portsmouth Jour.*

FIRE AT GREAT FALLS. On Friday night the 2d inst., at about 11 o'clock, fire was discovered bursting out of the one-story wooden building, in front of the lower factory, and before it could be subdued, a large part of the building was consumed, together with a part of its contents. The building was formerly occupied for a counting house, and recently for a store house; it contained several casks of oil, some engine hose, and a quantity of waste cotton. From the spontaneous combustion of the cotton, the fire originated. Two casks of powder were safely removed from the building after the fire commenced. The loss is probably about $1000.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

We have before us a letter from Natchez, (Miss.) by which we learn that Mr Thatcher Cotton, lately of this city, where he transacted business as a dry goods dealer in Hanover street, was shot on Saturday evening, July 30th, by a young man in his employ, by the name of Samuel R. Hughes. The particulars as related by the letter are, that Hughes, who is said to be a young man of the first respectability, had, some two weeks previous, a difficulty with Cotton, who threatened to shoot him 'at first sight.'—Hughes consequently armed himself for self protection, and on Saturday evening, about 9 o'clock, they met on the landing, as Cotton was going on to the hill. It was quite dark, but Hughes observing Cotton in the act of drawing a pistol, fired at him and shot him. Cotton survived about an hour, and Hughes delivered himself up to the proper authorities, was tried, and honorably acquitted.—*Trans.*

LATEST FROM THE PENINSULA. Messrs. Topliff have placed in our hands Lisbon papers to the 6 and 13th Aug.

The political horizon of the Peninsula is daily becoming more clouded, and assuming appearances both threatening and alarming. The elections in Portugal have terminated in so small a majority in favor of the ministers, and party spirit runs so high, that serious consequences are anticipated. Lisbon, however, remained quiet, but Government had asked of England the aid of 5,000 men, under pretence of repressing the Miguelite faction.

Spain is represented as in a most melancholy position, with a disunited cabinet and a prospect of the prolongation of the civil war. Lt. Gen. Evans commanding the English Division in the north of Spain, is dead. He died of sickness under which he has long been lingering. His loss will be severely felt.—*Transcript.*

ATTEMPT TO STEAL SANTA ANNA.—A schooner arrived at New York from Brazoria reports that the schooner Passaic, Hughes, from New York for Galveston, had been seized for having on board several persons from New Orleans, who made an attempt to steal Santa Anna, and take him to Mexico, in said vessel; the persons were arrested and imprisoned before their plans were properly matured.

☞ The New York Times boasts that it is read by as many persons as any other paper. We will lay them a wager that it cannot be read as often, in a given space of time, as ours.

AMERICAN STATIONER'S COMPANY. It may not be known to all that a publishing Company with this name, has been formed in Boston. It has a capital of $200,000, was organized a few months since, and its officers consist of the following gentlemen: Hon. John Pickering, president; J. D. W. Williams, treasurer; D. S. Greenough, clerk; Jarard Sparks, S. G. Goodrich, J. T. Hobart, S. P. Heywood and Lemuel Shattuck, directors. Publishing agent, John B. Russell.

The company intend to confine their publications to works of real merit—with especial attention to books on education. We have a surety of the excellence with which they will perform their promise to the public to have the mechanical execution of their works of the first degree of excellence in the manner in which Everett's Orations have been printed—it being their first issue. Their store is in School street.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire at half past 12 o'clock Monday night, proceeded from the burning of a wood shed in the rear of Tileston street. It was fortunately discovered before it had spread through the building, and extinguished without much difficulty. It is supposed to have been occasioned by some hot ashes that had been emptied into a barrel in the shed.—*Merc. Jour.*

Lord Byron and many other geniuses have pretended to be free from vanity, and indifferent to public opinion. We don't believe them. You might as well try to make a negro's skin invulnerable to the corner of Bunker Hill Monument.

One paper says that N. P. Willis got his hand from Byron. We doubt it. He never saw Byron, and if he had, we think the noble bard would never have *given him his hand.*

PLYMOUTH COUNTY REPUBLICAN. This journal has made an attack, or rather thrown out insinuations against an editor of Boston which we feel called upon to resent.—The Republican signifies that because Walter inserted an advertisement respecting three ladies, delinquent paymistresses, he may be supposed to stand in the light of a repentant bachelor. No such thing. Walter has always been gallant to the ladies, and his reason for not taking a wife springs from his affection for the gentle creatures.—He knows that the moment he singles out *one*, all the rest of the single dames will die in despair. We will not stand by, and see a brother editor abused in this manner.

The papers say that a steamboat in England *is* propelled by quicksilver. We have many such in this country. Passengers and owners find silver like the *lie* of Hamlet's clown—'It is a quick lie, it will away from me to you.'

'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the air away.'

The tooth of Napoleon, which was lately sold among Dr. O'Meara's effects, was purchased by an ardent lover of the Virginia weed, and has since been converted into a *tobacco-stopper.*

An Irish gentleman who added a unit to the number of spectators at the fire-works on Boston Common, was asked how he liked them. He replied, 'Not very well—it was so dark that I could not see them distinctly.'

VANITY.—We have often heard that vanity was *lighter than air*. This must be a mistake—for, were it a fact, some individuals whom we have seen completely inflated with vanity, would have gone to the clouds as naturally as a balloon.

DISGRACEFUL.—Ice as thick as window glass has been seen in the vicinity of Newburyport—so says the Herald.

A complaint has been made to us that a gang of fellows, who do business on their own hook probably, station themselves near the intersection of the Providence and Worcester Railroads, and insult all who pass—as many ladies and gentlemen cross on the roads from their evenness and directness. See to it, ye constables.

Iron rivets are said to assist digestion amazingly.

HOMICIDE.—Yesterday between 12 o'clock M. and 1 o'clock, a homicide was committed on the body of Mr A. R. Brux by Mr J. B. Giquel Jr. Different accounts have been given us of the deplorable event, but we think the following most accredited. It appears that some previous dispute had taken place between the parties. A voyage to Mexico by Mr Brux had put a momentary end to it. But upon the return o Mr B. after an interval of some months, he called yesterday morning upon Mr Giquel, to determine definitively the whole matter. The interview it is said took place before the drug store of Mr Pinguet in Royal street; and that after some abusive words (which are attributed to Mr G.) the deceased required satisfaction from him who had offered the insult.—The latter requested for fifteen minutes to make his answer, which was accorded. Instead of replying, however, to the second he preferred to make an affidavit before the Recorder of the first municipality. Thus far the affair had gone when the parties met in Royal street, near St. Peter street. Upon a simple word or a blow given (nothing contradicts this as yet) Mr Giquel withdrew a few paces and taking out of his pocket a pistol, drew the trigger, but it snapped; he then took out another, which went off; the ball passed through the heart of Mr Brux, which occasioned his death. Mr Giquel was brought before the Mayor, but released upon entering into bonds for $6000; he is to appear before the Mayor today for further examination. This lamentable occurrence has thrown the whole city into the greatest agitation.—*New Orleans Bee.*

Mr. Samuel T. Blanchard, of Dunstable, N. H. was found dead in his bed room on Sunday night last. He was upon the bed, his elbow resting on the pillow, a cord round his neck attached to a nail above his head. He was about thirty years of age, of good character, but hypochondriac.

MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY. At a Meeting of this Society, held last week at Concert Hall, for the choice of officers, the following were chosen for the ensuing year: George Homer, President; Wm. C. Hunneman, Vice President; Ebenezer Clough, Secretary; James Ridgeway, Treasurer; Joseph W. Homer, Darius Broadman, Moses Bass, Wm. C. Hunneman, Jr. and Osmyn Brewster, Melvin Lord, Trustees.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA. The slave trade is very far from being put down in the West Indies, and especially in and about this island. Many ships from the United States are sold here for the purpose of being made slavers of. Instead of the Baltimore clippers, and fast sailers hitherto bought, the slave dealers are now buying leaky, unsuspicious ships, which are sent to the Slave Coast for sperm oil, which means for negroes. There is an anchorage ground near Matanzas, where the slave ships are in, very often, full of negroes from the Coast of Africa. There they are landed, and unwillingly marched to Matanzas, where they are put in the slave market—the authorities winking at this violation of the laws of nations.—*N. Y. Express.*

A Mr. Brewster of Newport was robbed on board the steamer Providence, on Monday night, of three thousand three hundred dollars.

POLICE COURT.

WM. H. HYLER and JOHN HINES were brought to the bar. A complaint was made by an Irishman that Hyler [illegible] and otherwise abused him in the street—threw [illegible] at him, last December. Hines took no part in the affray. He was discharged, but Hyler was fined $2,33 and costs.

Another complaint against Hyler was then made by Constable Ellis, who went to arrest him on the 13th inst. He found Hyler at the Tremont Theatre. He came along quite peaceably for a short distance, when he began to be restive, and called on his companions to rescue him. [Here young Hines arose to leave the Court, but the clerk gave orders to stop him.] Young Hines was among the number who followed after the Constable and Hyler. At last they reached a lantern-post, when Hyler threw his arms around it and held on, defying the constables to do their worst. He was plucked from his strong hold, and then struck at Constable Ellis several times. Ellis finished by saying that Hyler was a very bad fellow, and that he had had trouble with him before. He was ordered to give sureties for his appearance at the October term of the Municipal Court in the sum of $50.

Another complaint was then made against both Hyler and Hines as common disturbers of the peace. Witnesses were called to show that there was a gang of about six, of whom Hyler was a ringleader, that infested the lower part of Hanover street and parts adjacent—that they attacked and insulted passers by of both sexes. A respectable lady, dressed in black, was passing along the street, and Hyler went dancing close to her heels, and uttering the most obscene language aloud. Constable Ellis reproved him for it, when he said, 'Who the devil are you? Damn you, if it was not Sunday, I would give you your oats!' Hereupon Hyler interrupted the witness, saying, 'I have known the girl this long time.—She belongs to the third row of the Tremont Theatre.' Witness said it was false—that she was a reputable woman.—Guilty. Hyler was ordered to give sureties to keep the peace in the sum of $60. Hines $30—also fined $10 and costs. We are glad to see these loafers taken notice of. There are still a plenty of them about our streets, who do not stick at insulting citizens of both sexes. Let them be taken care of.

MARY ANN NEWLAND, a little girl of fourteen, complained of a man for kicking her in the leg. The Judge told her to bring somebody, who witnessed the assault, and she tripped out of the Court Room.

IMPORTANT TO LYCEUMS. Editors of newspapers throughout the United States are requested to mention 'that the Pennsylvania Lyceum is prepared to deliver *gratuitously*, an elementary set of specimens in Geology and Mineralogy, to any and every County Lyceum which is, or may be formed in the Union. If any such Lyceum will request some person who may visit Philadelphia this present season to call upon John Simmons, Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Lyceum, or upon Dillwyn Parish, corner of Arch and Eighth streets, they can procure a set of specimens of the most important ores and minerals, and many other useful articles for Lyceums.'

TO EXTRACT OIL FROM LINEN OR COTTON.—As soon as possible after the oil has been spilt, take the article on which it fell and immerse it in clean cold water. After soaking awhile, the oil will begin to float upon the surface; when this takes place change the water. By thus renewing the water frequently during a few hours, the oil will be gradually and completely removed without rubbing or washing, and when dry, iron it and no vestige of the oil will remain, nor any change of color be visible.—*N. E. Farmer.*

MUNICIPAL COURT. Samuel H. Moore was tried on Tuesday, for keeping a gambling house recently broken up in Hatter's Square. The facts are much the same as were elicited at the examination at the Police Court. It appeared that Moore hired the house, gave orders to close the doors against the officers, and when arrested, claimed the two *Roulettes*, and told one of the constables 'to be careful of them, as they cost a good deal of money.' His own declarations and actions at the time, constituted him the keeper of the establishment. Verdict, GUILTY. The penalty for the offence, is a fine of $100, and bonds to keep the peace for three years.

In this case, the question of Wm. J. Snelling's (the complainant) competency as a witness, was again considered. John C. Park objected to him, for the reasons given at the preliminary examination, viz. that Mr. Snelling has been convicted of libels, and had been rejected as a juror, by the Municipal Court.

On the point raised by Mr. Park, Judge Thatcher ruled that any person convicted of a scandalous offence, although not competent as a juror, but might be admitted as a witness. Mr. Snelling was therefore admitted as a witness.

The officers of the U. S. Army now in Florida, held a meeting at Fort Brooke, not long since, at which it was resolved to erect a monument over the battle ground where Major Dade's detachment was massacred, in commemoration of that disastrous event.

FIRE.—A fire broke out at half past 3 o'clock this morning in a barn connected with the David Distillery at Roxbury—it spread very rapidly to a wooden store-house adjoining, and from thence to the distill house and a stable connected; the buildings, which were occupied by Messrs Fay & Fuller, were insured. Three horses were burnt to death. The total loss is estimated at not far from $1000.—*Mer. Jour.*

APPRENTICES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The following persons have been elected officers of the Mechanic Apprentice's Library Association for the ensuing term of six months—President, F. W. Lincoln; Vice President, Joseph A. Stone; Treasurer, George Coolidge; Secretary, George W. Ashman; First Librarian, George W. Briggs; Second Librarian, Wm. B. Casson; Directors, Ezekiel Lincoln, George L. Beery, George Ross, Elijah Ames, Jr., Edmund Bates.—*Ib.*

AN ANTIQUE. A venerable and beautiful relic of olden times has been disinterred, as one may say, from a burial of thirty years and more, in Norfolk. This is nothing less than the mace, employed before the revolution, by the Borough Court, as a symbol of authority. It is of richly wrought silver, three feet six inches long, and weighing 86 ounces. It consists of a polished staff, having a crown on the top, with the British arms, the rose and thistle, and other devices. The crown weighs 28 ounces. From an inscription on the staff, it appears that this beautiful piece of workmanship was presented to the corporation of Norfolk in 1753, by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, then Lieut. Governor of Virginia. In 1790, it was committed to the clerk of the Borough Court, for safe keeping, and by him deposited, in 1805, in the vault of the Virginia Bank, where it has ever since remained undisturbed and almost forgotten.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT TO HONESTY AMONG THE POORER CLASSES.—An honest colored man in St. Louis having picked up a pocket book in the street which contained several thousand dollars in bank notes and drafts, restored it to the owner. The generous man asked the finder if he *was sure he had taken nothing out.* The miserable, mean-spirited, contemptible fellow should have been made to run, stark naked, through a bramble bush.

Isaac C. Pray Jr. has been speechifying in Philadelphia. He had better come home, and help little Weld along with the Pearl—or unite in partnership with the Wandering Piper.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, of this city, has been very enthusiastically applauded in New York. The Sun speaks in high praise of her. She is a 'Boston girl,' every inch of her, and said to be very agreeable and unpretending in private life—of an excellent disposition and exemplary character. We wish the fair one success and prosperity.

☞ The New York slave case has been decided in favor of the complainant, Mr. Colyer.

A drunken man, afflicted with depression of the brain,—unknown,—was sent to the City Hospital, New York. He soon expired. Verdict, 'Disease of the Brain, brought on by intemperance.'

Miss Charlotte Cushman, of this city, is highly spoken of in the New York papers. She personated Lady Macbeth to Hamblin's Macbeth, on Tuesday evening.

A TRAVELLING PAUPER. An old man who had been in various poor houses in the United States, at length returned to his old quarters in Bellevue, where he was found, the next morning, calmly sleeping in the embrace of *Death.*

WISE WRIGHT, captain on board the whale ship Isabella Taber, was killed by a whale, Jan. 9.

Among forty persons arrested in Paris for a conspiracy to kill the king, are fourteen old women.

☞ What does the W in Jack Frost's name stand for? Is it not WINTER?

☞ That the amiable Cowper was a freemason, there can be no doubt, as he recommends building a lodge in these words:
'Oh! for a *lodge* in some vast wilderness!'

WATCHMEN!—Watchmen in this city are a scarce article. They are not appointed to guard the streets, but to make a *show* of protection only, just as some 'see through a glass darkly.' Passing from the city to Roxbury, a night or two ago, we met a man at some distance on the Roxbury side of South Boston Bridge, crying Murder! Watch! most lustily and anxiously. He stated that a man was beating his wife to death near, and he had been bawling for fifteen minutes to no purpose.

MISTRANSLATION. Learned commentators have, within a few years, discovered several mistranslations in the good Book. The last one discovered is the following—in the phrase, 'Pay thy vows'—the last word should have been translated *printers.*

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH. A little girl, near Troy, N. Y. was frightened to death, last week, by her brother, who dressed himself in a dried bear skin and chased her as she was going to school.

☞ The N. Y. Journal of Commerce has an article, entitled—'Effect of Christianity on Trade.' A very appropriate title, say we. Christianity is very much a matter of *trade* now-a-days—especially with *some folks.*

OUR FIREMEN.—We have read the remarks of 'P' in regard to our firemen, and must deny them an insertion in our columns. We make this denial, not from any party feelings, but because we consider them as opposed to justice, and the importance of the duties executed by the firemen. We hope he will excuse us. He has written in a more rational manner than we have often seen in articles relating to the department, and we are disposed to give him credit for good intentions.

But why go to such an extent? Does 'P' wish to abolish the Fire Department? Does he wish to destroy that system which has been to us so much a security? We cannot think it. There seems to be in the minds of some, a settled opposition to every thing connected with the Fire Department—a determination to abuse all plans for its improvement, unless compliance is given to their own propositions.

For our part, we feel deeply the importance of cherishing the system. Our government—our laws—are scarcely more valuable—for what avail is government and law, when a disturber of the peace in the shape of fire makes its undisputed ravages among our dwellings? The frequent alarms of fire, and the often wonderful power obtained over the raging flames, in consequence of the energy of our firemen, should teach 'P' and others who are disposed to find fault, that it would be preferable and more generous to endeavor to effect reforms, if reforms are needed, by awarding due praise, than by dragging down the spirits of our firemen by constant grumbling.

'P' complains, and others have before him, and continue to do periodically, of carousing in the Engine houses.—Undoubtedly the members of our Engine companies do sometimes give a loose to conviviality, passing beyond the bounds of decorum and desirable good order. But let 'P' look at the case with an unjaundiced eye.

The labor of the firemen is exceedingly arduous. Perhaps P. is one of those who never attends a fire—who is content that others should stop the flames, while he sleeps in satisfaction—who would not rise, until the destruction threatened his own domicil—and knows not of the perils and the fatigues of the engine men. He hears the 'boys' rattling along through the street, encouraging each other by shouts, and supposes that it is play. Far from it. 'Hard work and no play,' is the motto of the firemen. *Nothing* inspires them but the love of excitement, emulation, and the love of sociability. They are for the most part, young men. What else should inspire them? A love of public good? Pshaw! What *thanks* would they get for it?—What thanks *have* they ever got for it? Nothing. The owners of property—the very men whose stores and homes they save from destruction, will comfort themselves that the energy of the department can protect their property and at the same time, they call it dissolute and abandoned. Who would for *this* reward, labor much for the public *good*?

Excitement then keeping the firemen together, and active, it is to be supposed that they will sometimes seek to enjoy themselves. We love good order—but we cannot much blame the firemen for the *esprit du corps* which unites them, and makes them *desire sociability*. Let 'P' reflect—and *if he does not like the young firemen*, let him persuade the *old* men, the *moral, staid citizens*, to handle our engine ropes, man the breaks, and protect their property—*if he can!*

ROBBERY AND ARSON. The boot and shoe store of B. Dowd & Son, Saybrook, Ct. was set fire to, and destroyed on the night of the 8th inst. after having been entered and robbed.

The vessel lately captured on the Lakes suspected of being a pirate, turns out to be a Texan armed Schooner, conveying an expedition from Canada for Texas, via. Lake Huron. Their intention was to enter the Indian Territory, adjoining Mexico, raise an army and thus make a diversion in favor of Texas. General Dickson who commands the expedition is a native of Scotland—and the same individual who was attacked by a band of robbers in Mexico several years ago, and with his party, left for dead on the road. He received a number of severe wounds in that affair—but afterwards recovered, and published an interesting account of it in an English periodical. He is a man of a singular character, possessing great courage, determination, and eccentricity. He is sanguine that his expedition will be successful. If we are correctly informed he has been for some time past occupied in raising troops in Canada for *the conquest of Mexico!*

THE ASPECT OF EUROPE.—The political aspect of Europe at the present day is peculiarly interesting. The part which England and France have already taken in the difficulties of Spain, gives token that the struggle will not die there, without some more decided manifestation of the feelings of those two powers. The Carlists are at present victorious. The Queen and Government tremble even in their capital. It is impossible that the Carlists could have met with the success which has attended their efforts without assistance from some of the powers of Europe. This secret interference will perhaps be the cause of immediate contention between the governments espousing different sides; and add to this, that the framers of the Quadruple Alliance, France and England being the most conspicuous, will in all probability never suffer the Queen of Spain to be dethroned, without a strenuous effort in her behalf, and the portents of the times are fruitful in *expectations* of a general embroilment. If we add *to this the difficulties* on our own continent, and the possibility, however remote, of an interference in the difficulties between Mexico and Texas by some of the European powers, the prospect becomes more perplexing. Certainly there are now floating around 'wars and rumors of wars.'

FRUITFULNESS. We saw a few days ago, a single branch of a pear tree not more than two feet long, on which were *upwards of fifty full grown handsome pears*. They hung in close clusters of four and five, so as to hide the branch itself almost entirely from sight.

Dr. Mackenzie, the Liverpool correspondent of the Evening Star, says, 'A new work nearly ready is 'Adventures in the Moon.' It will appear in one volume and is believed to be worked out of Locke's admirable quiz in the New York Sun.'

This information is more complimentary to the author of the quiz, than to the author of 'Adventures in the Moon,' who must be but a sorry sort of a fellow, if he has taken his ground work from another. There is no excuse for a literary thief. If the forthcoming volume proves interesting, Locke, alone, will be entitled to all the credit.

COST OF NEW NETHERLAND (New York.) We derive the following information from Hazard's State papers, published in 1792. The Dutch West India Company failed in 1635, and from a statement of their accounts, drawn up in 1635, (part of which was in possession of Mr. Henry Kip, late of New York, deceased,) it appears that

	Guilders.
Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherland cost the Company	4,171 16
And that New Netherland (the Province) cost	412,800 11

The real estate of *Fort Amsterdam* (New York City) is now valued at $230,000,000.—*Transcript.*

THE INDIAN WAR.—The following from the Baltimore American of the 13th instant presents no very encouraging prospects relative to the war in Florida—

'We learn that a gentleman of the first respectability, a resident of Florida, at present in this city, has received a letter from his friend in Tallahasse, under date of the 28th of August, which states that the whole of Madison county is in possession of the Indians, a part of whom had penetrated within twenty miles of Tallahassee, and stolen six horses from the plantation of John Gamble, Esq.

'The writer also states that *Powell is* ready to take the field at the head of five thousand *ravages*, that the Tennessee troops had declined going to Florida, and that in consequence of their having done so, it would be necessary to apply to the government for additional troops. The letter writer says, moreover, that at no time have there been so great fears as at present for the safety of the territory.—The gentleman who has received the letter, says that the author of it is known to him as a man of decided courage, not likely to be operated on by idle fears.'

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—Two persons were last evening arrested in this city, and are now on examination before Mr Justice McKnight for passing counterfeit bills on the Hartford Bank of Connecticut. Their names are Joshua Sherman and Hector Warriner, of the town of Hamburgh, in this county.

The bills are of the denomination of $5. The amount found on them was $400, and they had passed about forty dollars' worth. One of the counterfeits has been shown us. It is of the letter B. No. 1750. The filling and signatures are well done; but the general appearance of the plate is bad. The engraving is coarse—especially of the vignette; the figure, and the face, particularly, of Minerva, on the left hand being most miserably done, as also the small engraving generally, but particularly the imitation of the imprint of the engravers of the genuine bills, Rawdon, Wright & Co. New York, and Rawdon, Clark & Co. Albany. No one need be taken in if the bills are closely examined. The ink in filling up is darker than that used in the genuine bills. Both men have been committed for trial.—*Buffalo Journal.*

SHOCKING DEATH. Thomas Brennan, a mason, was yesterday afternoon killed in Front street by a man named Alexander McCreggan. Brennan was at work on the gable end of a house five or six stories high, and McCreggan having carried up a hod of bricks to him, some angry words ensued between them, relative to the manner in which McCreggan laid down the bricks on the scaffold, and Brennan took up a plumb board and made a blow with it at McCreggan, who in return threw a brick at Brennan, which struck him on the head and precipitated him to the ground, being a fall of nearly sixty feet, by which the unfortunate man was instantly killed. As soon as McCreggan saw Brennan fall off the house, he got down as quickly as he could, and made his escape for the present.

LAURIAT attempted an ascension at Rochester, N. Y. on Tuesday last, and failed. He states that owing to a lack of materials for generating gas, which he could not obtain in season, he was unable to inflate his balloon.—The destruction of his balloon was attempted, but the city authorities frustrated the design.

U. S. Ship John Adams. We have been favored with the sight of a letter from an officer on board this ship, dated Palermo, July 15, 1836, in which the officers and crew are stated to be in fine health and spirits. While the ship was refitting in Mahon during the greater part of May, a tragic scene occurred, which, for a season, cast a gloom over all. While the sailors were on shore to refresh themselves, one of the men from some unknown cause was induced to murder another while he lay sleeping. He effected his purpose by hammering his head with a heavy stone. In the end the idea of having murdered a fellow creature acted so powerfully upon him that he could obtain no rest until he had disclosed his awful secret. He was immediately confined, and an officer was afterwards despatched under the personal guidance of the murderer to find the dead body, which was done by the wretch without the slightest sign of remorse. He was tried by a Court Martial, and was hanged on the first day of July from the fore yard of the John Adams, in presence of the whole squadron.

The ship remained a short time at Toulon, and thence sailed for Genoa, which was reached in 24 hours; remained a week at Genoa, and sailed for Leghorn, thence to Civita Vecchia and Naples. The John Adams was to leave in a few days after the date of the letter on a cruise towards the Adriatic and the Syrian coast.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

Sacrilege.—On Sunday evening after service some villains effected an entrance into St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and broke open a box containing contributions for the poor to the amount of $300, which they carried off. They also took away one of the sacred vessels, the Cyborium, of silver, worth $100. The robes of the Priest and other vestments were tossed about, but left behind.

Fire in Detroit.—On the morning of the 6th inst. an extensive steam saw mill and sash factory, belonging to Messrs Rice & Clark, of Detroit, were entirely destroyed by fire, as was also a large quantity of lumber in the yard adjoining the buildings. The loss is estimated at $15,000, upon which there was no insurance.

Mr Butler, Attorney General of the United States, will be, it is stated in the Georgetown *Metropolitan*, placed at the head of the War Department during the remainder of the present administration.

We learn from the same paper that Mr Forsyth, Secretary of State, is too much indisposed to attend to the duties of his station.

Death of Aaron Burr.—Col. Burr died yesterday at Staten Island, aged 81. He has filled a large space in the history of the country, though a part of it might as well have been left blank.—*Jour. Com.*

Mexico.—By the arrival of the schooner Lady Hope, in seven days from Tampico, we learn that the Mexican republic is in a frightfully convulsed state. The intelligence received at Tampico previous to the sailing of the schooner was of a most painful nature, plotting, treachery, and strife being the order of the day, party pitted against party, and all in open hostility throughout the distracted land. No battle of note, since that of Etla, has been fought, in which it will be remembered the Constitutionalists were worsted; they are not, it appears, dispirited or broken by their defeat—on the contrary they are encouraged by the accession of numbers to their ranks, and the rapid extension of their principles. If this is correct, the overthrow of the present government is the likely result, but it will not be effected without much destruction of life.

The troops at Tampico are drilled by the new commandant, Pass, and amount to 1000 men. Captain Williams, of the Lady Hope, speaks highly of Pass, and states that he is a most gentlemanly and humane man, giving all possible protection to foreigners resident at Tampico, and suppressing all attempts at insubordination. His active and energetic measures were productive of much good. The destination of the troops under his command was not known.—*New Orleans Bee.*

Fire.—About one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, a quantity of cotton took fire in the upper loft of the large five story brick store No 29 Broad street, occupied below by the firm of James Hamilton & Son. By timely exertions the fire was extinguished without material damage. It is supposed to have originated from spontaneous combustion.

A fireman named Charles Collen, attached to engine No 1, fell through the hatchway, and was badly, and it was feared dangerously hurt.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

New Cotton. There was one load new Cotton received at the warehouse of Stovall, Simmons & Co. on the 1st inst. sold for 20 1-2; one load at the warehouse of Benj. Baird, Esq. on the 2d inst. and sold for 20 1-2; two loads at the same warehouse and sold for 20 cts. on the 3d inst. and one load at the warehouse of E. B. Beall, Esq. and sold for 20 cts. on the 4th inst. In addition to which there had been five or six bales received at different places in our city, making upwards of 30 bales of the present crop, none of which has been sold at less than 20 cts.—This looks encouraging for our planters who will no doubt hasten their cotton to market, and avail themselves of the present high price which we cannot expect to have sustained when the bulk of the crop gets in market.—*Augusta Sentinel, Sept. 6.*

Municipal.—At a meeting of the Common Council Thursday:

A communication was received from Mr Nourse, transmitting the resignation of his seat in the Council. Read, and sent to the other Board.

Mr Marett offered the following order:

Ordered, That ——, with such as the Mayor and Aldermen may join, be a committee to ascertain and report the amount hitherto expended by the city for the construction of sewers and drains—the amount reimbursed by individuals—and the present state of the outstanding claims on that account—and also whether any action on the part of the City Council is requisite to facilitate their collection;—and that the committee be likewise directed to consider and report as to the expediency of modifying the existing ordinance relative to sewers and drains. The order was passed, and Messrs Marett, Waters and Austin appointed to constitute the committee.

The unfinished business of the last meeting—being the consideration of the report of the committee on the subject of a new jail, &c—was then taken up. The resolutions reported by the committee are as follows:

Resolved, That it is incumbent on the City Government to provide a jail so constructed that each prisoner shall be separately accommodated.

Resolved, That it is expedient to erect a new jail on the city's lands in South Boston.

Resolved, That it is also expedient to dispose of the estate in Leverett street as soon as the new jail can be prepared.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the City Government to provide for the regular daily performance of Chaplain services in the house of correction and jail, whenever they are so situated as to allow of it.

The first of the above resolutions was unanimously passed; the question then coming up on the adoption of the second, Messrs Grant and Eustis expressed their opposition to it, and Mr. Marrett offered as a substitute for the series of resolutions, the following: 'Resolved, That in the opinion of the City Council, the principles contained in the report of the committee on the subject of disposing of the jail in Leverett street and the erection of a new one, are correct and of vital importance to the community; and the present county jail is inconveniently arranged and unsuitable for the purpose for which it was designed, and that a much larger portion of valuable land is appropriated to it than is required; and that it be recommended to the next City Council to take the subject into consideration early in the next season, as it is impossible to make any considerable progress in it during the present year.' The vote of the Council adopting the first of the above series was then reconsidered, and the resolution of Mr. Marett substituted for the whole.

The Council then took up the orders making additional appropriations for the erection of the House of Reformation at South Boston, and the New Court House in the city.

After some debate the question was taken on each appropriation separately, and the orders were unanimously passed.

Mr. Williams offered the following order, which was adopted: Ordered, that —— with such as may join by the Board of Aldermen, be a committee to inquire into the expediency of having plans made of all the land and streets in South Boston, designating the present owners of all the lands, for the purpose of equalizing the taxation of that section of the city. Messrs. Williams, Jenkins and Piper, were appointed on the committee.

Adjourned for a fortnight.

Departure of the Volunteers. On Sunday last, the following companies of Mounted Volunteers took up their line of march for the South, viz:

Capt. Mathers' Company, from Conway and Van Buren counties;

Capt. Howell's Company, from Pope and Johnson counties; and

Capt. Fowler's Company, from this county.

And, at the Saline, they will be joined by Captain Brazil's Company, from the Saline county.

These companies, we understand, will proceed to Washington, Hampstead county, where they will be joined by such companies of Volunteers as have been raised in the southern counties, and will then proceed to organize the regiment or batallion (as the case may be,) by the election of the Field Officers thereof. The Governor will set out to-morrow or next day, and overtake the Volunteers at Washington, for the purpose of commissioning the Officers who may be elected.

After organizing, the Volunteers will proceed to Fort Towson, and report to the Commanding officer at that post; and it will be seen, by reference to the letter of the Secretary of War to Gov. Fulton, in our paper to-day, that they will probably be employed on our western frontier.—*Arkansas Gazette, Aug. 23.*

The complaint against Captain Townsend, the Commander, and Mr Manchester, the pilot of the Steamer Boston, for running down the ferry boat General Jackson, in New York harbor, has been investigated by the Grand Jury—who have refused to return a bill.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1836.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorize presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in our power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, we resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, Twenty-Five for the second best, and Twenty-Five for the best Poem.

The Manuscripts must be sent ☞ post paid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful authors, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication.

Boston, June 1, 1836.

Good Nature. Many persons are surprised that they do not get along in the world. They are sensible of possessing good abilities, and a talent for business.—They are active, industrious, and persevering—yet while they forever remain at the bottom of the ladder, they see others mounting step by step, whose qualifications are no better than their own, and who laugh much more than they labor. Such disappointed individuals do not seem to know that a sour, anxious visage—a grave business air is less attractive even to deep and calculating men, than an eye sparkling with good humour, and a mouth dimpled by smiles. Customers flock around the good natured man, drawn by an attraction which they would be unwilling to own to themselves. Every one has sorrows enough of his own, and does not feel disposed to bear the burthen of others' griefs—and the grave, melancholy man carries in his countenance an appeal to our sympathies. But, above all, let not the fretful and selfish man wonder that he is forever unsuccessful in his undertakings. His consequence in the community must be very great, and his influence very powerful to induce mankind to brave his frowns and his snarls in order to take advantage of either. Such a man may do well when he brings the first fruit to market, or holds in his hands such goods as cannot be purchased elsewhere; but if he is obliged to take his chance with his rivals, his infirmity will soon render abortive all his exertions and sage calculations. It would be well for many store-keepers if they knew the influence which good nature exercises over the hearts of men.

Many persons are wrought upon by complacency and kind looks more than by interest, and would prefer purchasing an inferior article of a man who treated them with politeness, to making a better bargin of a sour and reserved tradesman. It is the fault of ill-natured persons to imagine that people look up to them with great respect—they think they are avoided, and that no familiarity is attempted with them, because they are held in awe—that if they are not loved, they are, at least, *feared*. This is a great mistake—and proves fatal to the prospect of many. They are shunned for the same reason that we avoid a snappish cur, and they are despised as sincerely. Their self-esteem provokes the mirth of their acquaintances for a while, and then they are forgotten forever.

Much has been written on the subject of good nature, and every one is willing to acknowledge its potency.—Let the unfortunate and disappointed man try the experiment—but let him recollect that to be good natured requires something more than empty smiles and genuflections. To be good natured requires the practice of *all the Christian virtues. That is the reason that we* have so few persons of genuine good nature in the world.

The Faculty of Imitation.—The arrival of Mr John C. Moncie in our city, the distinguished imitator, has suggested some views upon the subject of imitation. A glance at the feelings with which men look upon mind, will convince us, that the spiritual and mental portions of our nature are as much regulated by *fashion* and *whim*—by long observance incorporated into *opinion*—as are the outward habits of mankind. The philosophy, of Phrenology, we say the *philosophy*, not the *science*, although the most sublime and perfect explanation of mind, is sneered at for the very reason—that it militates against former views.—In regard to this very faculty of imitation—What is it?—It is sneered at—and he who practices it, is denominated by the world a trifler—wanting in dignity—a *buffoon*—but what is it? Why these epithets? Let us examine.

All men do not possess the faculty of imitation. Nor is it confined to the degraded. The most talented in other respects possess it, and it is a delight to them to exercise it. They will do so in a private circle of friends, but not elsewhere, for the world says it is puerile. What is imitation? It is an extensive—a noble talent—and is as much a portion—a branch—a feature of the mind as is benevolence, music and moral power. The draughtsman and the painter imitate—unless they can do so, they can never become distinguished. The world with its usual inconsistency, honors *this* kind of imitation, and contemns others.—He who is capable of representing the peculiarities of his fellows or a variety of sounds, only exercises the same faculty as the painter, in a different manner. Not in this alone, but in many other instances, do the world misjudge respecting the mind, when will its attributes be perfectly understood? When will this masterpiece of Gods handy-work be lifted to the height it should hold in the estimation of men—and its powers no longer be degraded and enslaved by the perverse willfulness of its possessor—man—in scorn of its Creator.

Dishonesty of Christians.—We use the word *Christian* in its broad sense—meaning those who profess to believe, in certain principles which are popular in this community. Real disciples of Jesus Christ we believe to be exceedingly rare, and a hundredth part of the churches in our land would hold them all—yes, with but one individual to each pew! The solemn mockery of religion—the empty professions of godliness—the hypocrisy and flummery of the christian churches every where has made more infidels than any thing else we can name. Show us a man with a benevolent heart—who acts uprightly and honestly, when to do so is disreputable, and we will acknowledge that he is a genuine follower of Jesus Christ—but the thousands who join Church for no other purpose but to make themselves appear respectable in the eyes of the world—to enable them to cheat with more facility, have driven many honest and independent minds to doubt the great truths of the Gospel—the only balm for human woe, the only hope of immortal spirits. And these *professors* have made a mere nominal belief in Christianity the test of character—they seem not to know that a practical and a theoretical Infidel are alike adverse to the plain sentiment of the Bible.—Therefore, it is considered right by these pseudo-Christians to follow with ban and anathema, the unbeliever to his grave—nay, to drag him forth from the sepulchre and hold him up to the indignation of all the brethren. Paine, Hume, and Rousseau have come in for their share of this kind of obloquy—better men, either of them, than nine tenths of the *professing* Christians of our day. It is considered justifiable to lie about them; and the most false and malignant slanders are as easily caught at by many of our brethren of the press as if they were a second revelation from the Almighty. This dishonesty in Christians has never met with the severe rebuke which it deserves. Zeal cannot excuse it—a love of the doctrines of Christ cannot extenuate it. It takes not its root in either of these—but is a germ of the same rankling malignity, which kindled the fires of Smithfield, and which crowned the Redeemer with thorns. These are the greatest foes to Christianity, who seek to build it up with untempered mortar, and make of it a *refuge of lies*.

[correspondence.]

LETTER NO. III.—PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Editor—Leaving the wharf at New York, the steamboat (Philadelphia) took us as far as *Amboy*, where we got into the cars of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which carried us at rather a lazy jog to *Camden*, thence proceeded in the nice little steam boat Trenton to *Philadelphia*. On board this boat,—on their way to Philadelphia, for the praiseworthy object of pum-melling each other to the infinite satisfaction of the worthy denizens of that quaker city,—were the celebrated boxers, 'Deaf Burk,' and his less noted traveling companion and partner, Owen. The former of these worthies—Burk—is a short, ragged, thick-set man—pock marked, and has the strength of an ox, and the look of a bull dog. *Owen*, on the contrary, is a handsome man, light built, and not so strong. Many upon ascertaining that the 'Champion of England' was on board, considered it good policy to propitiate the favor of that important personage—consequently the invitations with which he was favored, to take a 'little somethin',' were not few. It was really amusing to see this 'cock o' the walk' throw off the mint julips and brandy cocktails. What would have thoroughly spifficated a half dozen common men, did not, as I saw, have the least effect upon him—without indeed it was to occasion him to cry more and more earnestly, (which he did at every glass,) 'D——n *cold water*, says I! its a wishy washy death doin' divil! and then he would pat his (vulgarly termed) bread basket, and casting the light of his blowsy visage upon some unfortunate wight, exclaim, 'Who trates next, my bullies?'—Fearful that a moment's hesitation might bring upon his unlucky head the full weight of the bully's wrath, the person addressed would eagerly step forward, vainly endeavoring to conjure up a 'hale fellow well met' sort of a look, quaff off with seeming good will the obscene toast of his rough companion—pay the score, and edging off with his sheeps eye upon the huge fist and brawny chest of Burk—congratulate himself inwardly upon his lucky escape.

We arrived at Philadelphia at quarter past six that afternoon, and although the rain poured down in torrents, there were myriads of porters upon the wharf, wet as so many half-drowned rats, ready to welcome us, and *shave* us too, if possible.

Upon the boats' nearing the wharf, the passengers crowded to the side ready for a spring to the shore.—This—and it always happens so—occasions much trouble to the hands who are to make her fast and slide the passage plank ashore. Now the hubbub commences. 'Make fast that line there!' says the mate, throwing the rope on to the wharf. 'Stand back, gemmen—stand back. Off this plank! and don't be in a pucker—Kos yer see its no use no how. Yer can't get ashore no sooner than yer can!' 'Do'nt crowd so—do'nt crowd—fall back, fall back!' 'Well, by jasus, aint we fallin' back, ye spalpeen!' said an Irishman, as he tumbled over and *slumped into* a band box, to the utter tribulation of Miss Willhemina Lephyina Stubbs, whose new pink bonnet was, as the boys used to say, 'knocked into a cock'd up hat.' 'Dear me! I wish you had tumbled into the *dock* instead of my box, you nasty fellow.'—'By my sowl, Miss, as the nice little darling what's to give us plenty o' whiskey when he's president, says—we're *in a bad box*——.' 'Get out of my box you dirty creature! You've *literally* ruined my new bonnet!'—'*Liquorally!* is it that ye're spaking? by me sowl not a drap of the same has passed the lips of me, barrin' a wee drop of Jamaica, since yester marnin'—and its meself (putting on an insinuating look) that 'le take it very jonteel of any jontleman present (long life to all of them!) that'le hold the likes of me to a rummer of Mistress Looney's whiskey, which is nate and convanient to this same strate.' 'Slide that plank ashore!' bawled out the mate. What a tremendous rush to get on land! the cries of the porters and hubbub of the crowd almost craze you. 'Take your heel off my corn, and [illegible] 'Dear, dear Me-[illegible]bee, where is Georgiana? Come here child, this moment!' 'Want a coach, sir? nice coach'—'Shall I take your *baggage*, sir? take your baggage? take you baggage?' And without the traveller is wide awake, they will not tarry for the desired affirmative, but will stow you into one of their hacks, or lug off your baggage on their own responsibility. The porters here are, with few exceptions, *darkees*, and are known by a badge which is worn upon the hat—for instance here is one of them,—'*John Brown, Porter, No. 105, Taylors' Alley.*'

Leaving the boat, I proceeded up Chesnut street, and dropped in at the first decent looking hotel I came to, which happened to be the *Commercial*—no *great shakes*, as I soon discovered. In passing up Chesnut street, I saw a bill posted, '*American Theatre, Booth as Pescara!*' This was a treat I had not dreamed of, and I resolved to enjoy it. This half price Theatre is in Walnut street, and in outward appearance does not amount to much. Upon entering the lobby the first thing that strikes the eye, is an apple-woman's stand covered with her promiscuous merchandise, and surmounted by the placard, '*Umbrellas and Dispensables taken care of here!*' I handed the woman my umbrella, to which she affixed a little ticket, handing me a *fac simile*, in order that there might be no trouble in recovering my property. She had quite a number of umbrellas under her protection, and for every one charges six cents.

The interior of this theatre is about the size of our 'Lion,' but was at the time I speak of wofully out of repair. What appeared to me very odd was the custom, here very common, of women (*respectable* too, I am told) setting in the *pit*. I know that this practice is very general in European theatres, but was not aware before that the neatest city in the Union had borrowed this indecent amalgamating fashion. There they were, stradling about on the seats, showing their legs, and looking very immodest. On an examination of the 'Third row,' I perceived that Philadelphia had more than what appeared to me her share of the usual curse of theatres—the brothel's victims, painted *prostitutes*. I read with great satisfaction your remarks last winter in the Galaxy upon this subject. Would to God that your advice were followed! Booth, upon his appearance, was greeted with the usual shout of welcome.—His commencement—as *Pescara* was glorious, but being supported by a miserable cast, he soon flagged, and did recover until near the final, when he was indeed, in the words of his favorite Richard, 'himself again,' and the curtain dropped midst thundering shouts of applause.—Why is it that this eminent tragedian almost invariably chooses second rate theatres to appear in?

This theatrical corps (with the exception of Mr. *Conner*, who some years since performed at the 'Little Warren,' and is now an excellent actor) very much resembles the 'Lion's' company last winter—and that is saying ill enough of any body. In the afterpiece Hadaway sustained his reputaion so so,—but how immeasurably far he falls short of that inimitable author and comedian, Finn! By the way, I understand that Finn has left our city never to return—this must be incorrect. I hope in Momus' name that he does not intend kicking the bucket in a foreign clime, but will return and grace *our* city with his theatrical *finale*. Leaving the theatre I returned to my lodgings and slept (as well as the bugs would let me) until five next morning.

We must pay a second tribute to the excellence of the "Three Eras of Woman's Life," published by the Harpers, and noticed by us last week. We sincerely advise every parent to purchase it. Wives and daughters should read it—for all can read it with profit.

Marsh, Capen & Lyon will publish shortly, a new Novel, by Capt. Marryat, entitled, '*Mr Midshipman Easy*,' in two volumes.

An extract from a letter written by Capt. Marryatt to Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Boston, dated

London, March 1st, 1836.

'I wish it to be generally understood that you are the only firm authorised by me to publish my works in the United States, and that any attempt on the part of other publishers to interfere with you, will be a breach of that courtesy, established as a rule among all the respectable houses in America.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your very ob't serv't.
F. Marryat.'

The above note shows the imperfect—very imperfect state of the copy-right law in America. An English author is dependent on the courtesy of the American publishers for the chance of obtaining any emolument for his work; and an American publisher is equally dependant on the good manners of his brethren if he gets out an English book, to save himself from the results of competition, while the American author must go begging to get his works published, because English can be procured for nothing, and will pay better.—This is a bad state of things. As the law reads now, in order to obtain the copy-right for a work, the individual making application must be either a citizen or a resident.

Englishmen cannot, therefore, be secure of any reward for their labors from the American public, and the whole advantage is on the side of the American publishers. We understand that a strong effort is to be made to effect a change in the copy-right law during the coming session of Congress. If our legislators have any regard for the encouragement and increase of American literature, they will not hesitate to take such measures as will secure to authors some remuneration for their works—and not make them dependant upon the good will of the publishers—who, of course, can only be expected to look after their own interests, although others may suffer while they do so.

Let authors, every where, throughout the land, who have friends in the legislative body of the nation, lay here before them the sad state of things at present—the injury to American literature, of the present laws—the necessity of a change.

Some of our exchange papers we perceive are regretting that the Eagle was selected as the emblem of our country. We also regret it. The eagle is a bird of prey, is ferocious, and withal heathen, and the adoption of it proves, as we heard not long since an eloquent preacher remark, that our nation in its national character prefers being Pagan to being Christian. We shall not be a Christian nation, till we select a bird of more Christian qualities for our emblem than the Eagle, till our ships sail under an emblem of universal peace instead of one which betokens universal piracy.

Here, begging the Reformer's pardon, from which paper we cut the article, is mere *talk*—a mass of words expressing something in the shape of thoughts but so ill digested as to really make reflection sad. The Eagle is a bird of prey, and ferocious, is the first charge—on account of which we ought to discard it as a National emblem. We are not disposed in this way to institute comparisons between the creatures which God has made, nor to assail his Providence by declaring one creature better than another. Undoubtedly every animal is made for good purposes—and why then stigmatize the Eagle? And by the bye, if we know aught of natural history, the Eagle is not ferocious. It obtains its food—sometimes, indeed by stratagem—and guards its young with unwearied vigilance. But it has not the ferocity which characterize the vulture and the hawk.

A heathen bird! Think of it—the eagle is a heathen bird—and we must select a more christian representative! So says a paper the Editor of which is a divine. There are then *moral* distinctions between the feathered tribes!

The Reformer means, probably, that the Eagle has been adopted as a symbol by Heathen nations. But the idea is truly laughable, that for this reason it should be discarded. So might we as well discard every thing a heathen ever used, because forsooth, a heathen used it! Grand philosophy this!

A[illegible] the doom is fixed! Thou art heathen, for a heathen bird is thy emblem! Thou canst never be Christian—the Reformer says so!

We suppose the Reformer would wish to divide the feathered tribes into more definite distinctions than they are now known by—and call them christian and heathen birds. We are eager to know how he would class them.

THE DRAMA.

The Manager of the Tremont Theatre, conceiving us to be a little too independent for him, despatched his amiable and polite shadow, the box-keeper, on Monday last, who desired us to stop Mr. Barry's advertisement, and send in his bill. Now the pay for his advertisement is fifty cents a week, and the actual cost thereof, about thirty seven and a half cents. As therefore our profits are only twelve and a half cents upon the same, the want thereof will not ruin us. The said Manager, moreover, having accompanied his request for his bill, by another, which gentlemanly demeanor and courtesy should not have permitted him to make, we conceive ourself not to be at all bound to be very particular what we say about him in this our valedictory—nevertheless, as he imagines himself to be something less than Julius Cæsar, we will not hold a looking glass too long before him, lest he sink into a grease-spot.

The fact is, that Sir Manager and the Galaxy never have been very great friends—for it has always happened that that paper from its first existence, through all its changes, happened to fall into the hands of a pretty severe set of fellows, who never halted when the truth was to be told, and cared not a four-pence for the anger of anybody. Now as Sir Manager often indulges in little *playfulnesses* that might affect his popularity, and as there is not so much remaining as to be uncomfortable, he would rather deal with those whose pens are regulated by the magnetic needle of patronage.

So he is no doubt glad to be rid of any connection with one who has been bold enough to tell a portion of the truth about him.

But in truth we regret somewhat the disruption, for there are a good many fine fellows at the Tremont, whom we should like to compliment now and then, when they do themselves credit. There is Kilner—one of the old stock—racy as ever, with the true spirit in his acting—Gilbert, of great promise and much present excellence—who play sometimes with an energy and truth absolutely startling,—Murdock, gentlemanly and ambitious, and of superior talent—Hield, various, graceful, and winning,—Leman, always correct, often far above mediocrity,—Andrews, the best Yorkshireman we ever saw—irresistably funny at times,—Bayne, who has much of calm and delightful power—'Long Tom Coffin' in the shape of Barrett, 'the longest man we ever saw,' often a caricaturist, but generally excellent, and so on to the end of the chapter. For Ladies, no woman in the country exceeds Mrs. Barrett. Mrs Gilbert, very fine in her line of characters,—Mc Bride, pretty and graceful, and so on through the female branch of the Tremont family.

Last of all comes the Manager—more concerned about getting his money than about the way he gets it. The best character he ever played was the fiend in Robert the Devil,—he looked and acted it so much to the life; and yet he appeared to be so perfectly at home in the part—it suited him exactly. It was the general remark that Sir Manager was a proficient in the part.

Sir Manager has somehow or rather lost all the old favorites of his establishment. He dont seem to conciliate much good will—and in the matter of the Woods, the cupidity for which they were blamed, might have been that of the Manager—we say might *have been*.

Sir Manager has an eye to windward—and knows in the next place, on which side his bread is buttered. But we must pause. It is sad to break off connexion with such a man—such an honest, straight, forward, modest looking man—but as Iago says—

"Men should be what they seem."

Good bye, Sir Manager!

The National.—Charles Eaton has concluded his engagement, playing for his benefit Othello. He performed Pierre on Monday, and Master Walter on Tuesday. His Pierre was exceedingly creditable, especially in the last two acts. He lacked playfulness—which indeed is one of his faults. His Othello was a grand piece of acting—in some portions surpassingly fine. It would have been better as a whole had not his voice been so hoarse as to destroy modulation.

Eaton has made out finely during this engagement, and we hope to see him again before long. He is a first rate performer—with striking faults indeed—but still first rate. He is not even throughout—does not constantly show his power—but has the faculty which but few possess, of instantly infusing into his manner and tone all the frenzy of passion. He bursts upon you when you least expect it.

Mr W. L. Ayling has played with him in Jaffier, and Iago. We do not hesitate to predict his ultimate success. Indeed he performed in these two characters, notwithstanding, that he had never before attempted them, with great ability. His Iago was very creditable—very. He is a fine discriminating reader—with no prominent faults—wants only practice and strength of voice.

The company has supported them with their usual ability. We must single out Mrs Anderson's Desdemona as being a highly finished performance—and Mr. Smith's Michael Cassio—in which he has ever excelled. Mr. Crane was good in Roderigo.

Jones has been carrying the day during the latter part of the week as Joey Stokes, in the Fire Raiser.

Booth appears on Monday in Richard III. There will be a rush to see him. Williamson is engaged.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Token.—Mr Abel Bowen has issued the Token for the coming year; and it requires no very minute examination to decide that its execution and embellishments are of the most superior order. The engravings are for the most part, very beautiful.—We are glad to see so much excellence such a manifest improvement in the arts.

The first picture is a Wood by Brown—which looks better in the picture than the painting. Brown has great genius in some respects. He sketches with delightful boldness—crags and precipices, and the forests after hurricanes have swept over them, dells and thickets he executes so far as design goes, most admirably—but he fails in coloring. He does not copy nature. He mingles tints that never appeared on natures garments. In his great picture in the Athenæum, the present season, he has made every thing the color of his name as if association guided him. In the engraving before us, this fault of course, appears not, and all the originality and richness of his designing are manifest to the eye with nothing to retract from the pleasure inspired by it. The engraving is well—very well executed. It is by Jewett.

The picture called "Annette Delarbre" by Andrews, is an honor to the Artist, the Book and the Country. It is one of the most finished specimens of art ever executed in America. "Katrina Schyler" by Cheney, is very good, the title page by Gallaudet is soft and pretty—well executed—as are one or two other pictures by the same artist. We criticised him severely the last year, and we have since been convinced that we did him some injustice. We are happy to have an opportunity to repair our error. The remainder of the engravings are all very creditable with the exception of "Pleasant Thoughts" so indifferently executed that the veriest child would sneer at it. We forbear to give the name of the Artist in hopes that this is not a fair specimen of his powers. If he can do no better, and we should think he would have endeavored to excel, when he was subjecting himself to all the severity of criticism by appearing in a work which has to pass through a trying ordeal,—if he can do no better, he must abandon the burin, and take to something else.

The annual portion of the work is not up to the ordinary standard—many pieces being very—very common place, some soaring into the highest regions of excellence. Fay's story is very good—but not flowing—Miss Leslie's better than her prize tale, of which but little has been said thro' the country—for a good reason. Mrs Sigourney's poetry has not her usual superiority. A tale called "The Tiara" is a mountain of a mole hill—illogical deductions, from most unworthy premises—unworthy of the Token. The pieces by the author of the Gentle Boy are good—as is every thing he writes. Mr Waterston has some fine pieces of poetry, tinctured with the purity, excellent sentiment and depth of feeling which he infuses into all his writings.

Gil Blas—illustrated by Cruikshank—Harpers—B. B. Mussey, Cornhill.—Here's Gil Blas de Santillane!—the immortal work of Le Sage—in two convenient volumes with plates embracing all the humor of Cruikshank. The Harpers are publishing a series of such works of which this forms a portion. They "deserve well of their country" for the deed.

MR. EDITOR: When we see foreigners endeavoring to puff themselves into the favor of the public by pretending that they have been patronized by Kings and Emperors, without any other evidence of their claims, I would say to our citizens at once, be on your guard against impostors.

The above remarks were suggested by seeing the puffs, and stereotyped specimens, of a certain Foreigner who pretends to teach the art of writing in this city.

I have just finished a course of lessons in Penmanship with Mr Badger, who keeps in Joy's Building, and in justice to that gentleman, I must say that I did not think it possible that in so short a time one could acquire so legible and business like hand as I have. His system is entirely new. It is not the writing over of many sheets of paper, which enables the learner so soon to acquire his system, but the explanation which Mr B. gives, is so plain and simple that it is hardly possible for any not to be able at once to comprehend it.

s17 A Friend to Real Merit.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Rev John Theodore Sabine, of Highgate, Vt, to Marianette Dickenson, of Boston.

By the Rev Mr Hague, T. Payne to Miss J. Lawlor, of Dartmouth.

By Rev the Mr Lord, Anthony Current to Miss Sarah Greenwood.

In this city, by Rev Mr Streeter, Charles B. Clark to Mary J Smith.

By the Rev Mr Streeter, Edward Hedge to Prudence Hammond.

At Roxbury, by Rev H. Ballou 2nd, James Williams to Maria A. Smith, both of R.

At Andover, Thomas S. Pleyse, of Petersburg, Va, to Anne B. Marland.

At Weymouth, Wells Lathrop, of Springfield, to Mrs Lydia Ager Washburn, of W.

At Billerica, Isaac Merrill, of Monroe, Michigan, to Lucy Ann Howe, of B.

At West Bradford, Rev James R. Davenport, of New York, to Mehitable W. Newell, of W. B.

At Bath, Otis Kimball to Margaret Rogers, only daughter of Wm H. Rogers Esq.

At New York, Ernest R. Schneidler Esq to Mary Louisa, daughter of the late Clotworthy McKeige Esq, of Boston.

DEATHS.

At South Boston, Gurdy Stevenson, son of Dr C. S. Whitman, 8 mo.

At Charlestown, Sylvanus B. youngest son of Mrs Lucy Richards, 8 yrs and 9 mo.

At Charlestown, Saturday, very suddenly, Capt William Henry, 44.

At West Cambridge, Mrs Sarah, wife of Joseph E. Andrews, 32.

At Holden, Mass, Susannah and Mary Newell, twin sisters, 66.

At Amesbury, 5th inst, Rev Thomas Rich, late of Salisbury, 62.

At Warren, R I, Hon John Trott, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pl. as for the County of Bristol, 62.

At Hinsdale, Ms, [illegible] Esq.

At New Lebanon, Rev John King.

At New Castle, Del, George Read Esq, 71.

At Washington, Margaret H. M. Lovell, wife of the Surgeon General of the Army.

JUST RECEIVED

BY JOHN E. CRUSH, [illegible] Washington street, a good assortment of Shell and Horn Combs.

Also, English Dressing and Ivory Combs, French and English Hair and Clothes Brushes; Pocket Books; Card Cases; Chinese Gammon and Chess Boards; Tea Caddies; Steel, Ivory and Ebony Screw Cushings; Third Shell and Scotch Snuff boxes; Cigar Cases; Pinques; Silver Pencil Cases; Tooth-picks; Thimbles; Scissors; Razors; Knives; Ivory Fans; Toothbrushes; German, French and American Cologne and other perfumeries.

Also, a few cases India Toys; Baskets; Pens and a variety of Fancy Goods too numerous to mention.

jy 16 6—3tf

WARREN. NATIONAL THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT OF MR BOOTH.

ON MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 19,

Will be performed Shakspeare's Tragedy of RICHARD III.

Or the Battle of Bosworth Field.

Richard, Duke of Gloster, : : : : Mr J B BOOTH.
Richmond, : : : : : : Mr W H Smith
Buckingham, : : : : : : Mr Crane
Queen Elizabeth, : : : : : Mrs Pelby
Lady Anne, : : : : : Mrs Anderson

A Fancy Dance by Miss Fox

To conclude with the new farce of the HANDSOME HUSBAND.

Capt Fitzherbert, : : : : : Mr W H Smith.
Mrs Wyndham, : : : : : Mrs W H Smith.

☞ A limited number of SEASON TICKETS may be had by application at the Box Office.

Prices: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 25. ***Doors open at 1-4 before 7; Performances commence 1-4 after 7.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress sts

Valuable Real Estate on Washington street.

On TUESDAY next, at — o'clock, on the premises, Unless previously disposed of at private sale,

That valuable Estate numbered 290 Washington street, formerly the property of Deacon James Merrill, deceased. Said Estate is bounded on Washington street, thirty-seven feet and two inches, and is 104 ft 3 inches in depth. The rear land communicates with Winter street by Bedford Place.

The terms will be very liberal and made known at the sale, or on application to J. W. FENNO, 60 Court street.

Stock of Stationary and Books, Steel Pens, &c.

On TUESDAY next, at 10 o'clock, at office,

All the Stock of Stationary, &c, of a bookseller declining that branch of the business.

Catalogues may be had the afternoon previous to sale.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

Lease of Mansion House at South Boston.

On WEDNESDAY next, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

On the premises, near Mount Washington, in South Boston.

Will be let on a Lease of from 3 to 5 years, and immediate possession given, the splendid Mansion House, Garden, Stable, &c. the residence of the late John H. Bird. It will be leased for the occupation of a private family only.

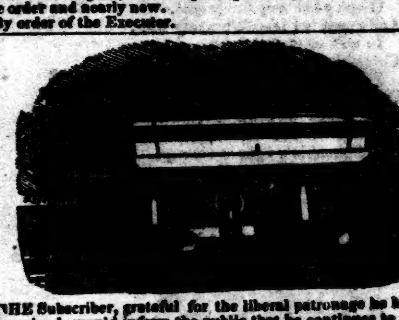
—ALSO—

Rich Furniture.

On THURSDAY next, at 9 o'clock, at office,

All the Furniture of the above named house, much of which is rich and elegant, and comprising a complete assortment, in fine order and nearly new.

By order of the Executor.



THE Subscriber, grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, would inform the public that he continues to manufacture PIANO FORTES at the old establishment of BROWN & HALLET, corner of Washington and Essex sts. His instruments are made in the most perfect style, of the best of materials, by the first-rate workmen, and pass under the immediate inspection and superintendence of BROWN & HALLET. His Pianos are warranted to be equal to any others in point of tone and freedom of action and style, and will bear examination; and he is willing they should stand upon their own merits. He pledges himself to make good instruments, and will abide by the unbiassed judgment of Professors, whose scrutiny he solicits. The instruments will be sold at the lowest cash price. All orders from abroad shall be executed as faithfully as if the person purchasing came to the Factory. The Pianos can be so packed as to be sent to any part of the country in perfect safety. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to 'drop in' and look before they purchase elsewhere.

SILAS ALLEN, JR.

S. A. has now some new patterns, *entirely original*, of the most superb style and finish, of high cost, just completed; and amateurs of music, who are fond of sweet toned instruments, the Ladies particularly, are invited to call and examine them for a few days, before they are removed from the ware-rooms.

s17 istf

THE TOKEN

AND Atlantic Souvenir, for 1837. With twelve Engravings. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-st.

s17

APPRENTICE.

WANTED: an Apprentice to the Bookbinding business. Inquire of MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-st

s17 3t

ANNUALS FOR 1837.

THE Gift: Edited by Miss Leslie; The Violet: by Miss Leslie; and The Pearl, or Affection's Gift; illustrated by beautiful Engravings. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

s17

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THE Members of the Handel and Haydn Society, are notified to meet at their Hall on SUNDAY EVENING, 18th inst, at 7 o'clock, for rehearsal, preparatory to the performance of Mr Horn's new Oratorio.

☞ A punctual attendance is requested.

s17 h—g J. HILL BELCHER, Sec'ry.

A LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS, AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street, has now open, a large assortment of English and French Goods, of the best styles, consisting in part of—

Double faced English fig'd Silks, best quality, all colors;
do do do low priced, do;
Rich large fig'd French do do;
Wide jet and blue blk do, super quality;
Italian Lustrings;
Gro de France and Gro de Swiss;
Pou de Soie; Gro de Naples, blks and colors;
Blue blk Turc Satins, for Cloaks;
Fig'd and plain Satins;
Do do Poplins, a brilliant and durable article for Cloaks, Pelisses and Dresses;
Blk and col'd Velvets;
Damask fig'd Merinos, very choice colors, best quality;
Thibet Merinos, do do;
Cheap English Merinos and Cambletteens;
An elegant assortment of Challies, with satin plaids and Stripes;
Blk and col'd Alepines, dark shades;
Cashmere Cloak Patterns, new and rich styles, at a low price;
7-8 and 4-4 Chenille Shawls, splendid patterns;
6, 7 and 8-4 Edinboro' Shawls, richly filled centres, with various col'd grounds;
Highland Plaid Shawls, largest size, best patterns;
Printed Velvet Shawls, new style, low prices;

A very large assortment of Rich French and English Prints, with a variety of other seasonable Goods, at the lowest prices.

s14 3w

THE N. P. GALLERY.

NO. 39 of this magnificent American work contains the portraits of Wm H. Harrison, Mahlon Dickerson and Mr Pinkney. Over $60,000 have already been expended upon this publication to make it worthy the character of a National work. The price is but 50 cents the No. W. H. S. JORDAN, 121 Washington-st

Its finished elegance and great Historical Value give it the highest claim to public patronage.—*N. Am. Review.*

We have never seen a better nor did we suppose the U. S. had produced a work of such high finish; a work that will rival the best of the many publications of the British metropolis. The engravings are superb. *Wm. Republican.*

Every true-hearted Yankee who can afford the little sum it costs, ought to have the beautiful series. *Mer. Jour.*

s13 3w

REMOVAL.

CHARLES P. FESSENDEN has removed from 9 Union-st to 110 Main street, Charlestown, a few steps from Union-st, where he has fitted up a convenient establishment for the better accommodation of his business, and those that may favor him with their custom. He respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He has now on hand, and for sale a large assortment of Looking-glasses, with mahogany, maple, satin-wood, oak and gilt frames; and Frames without plates; wholesale and retail Dealers in glasses and those that may wish to furnish Hotels or other large establishments, will find it for their interest to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Frames for Portraits and Pictures of all kinds, on hand, or made to order.

Old Frames regilt, and Plates resilvered.

Prints constantly on hand and for sale.

☞ Wanted as above, 1 Journeyman; 2 Carpenters, and 2 Cabinet Makers. Those who are acquainted with frame making would be preferred. 1m s24

YOUNG MAN WANTED.

WANTED: In the Sabbath School Depository, No 62 Cornhill, a young man, from 16 to 17 years of age, who sustains a good character, is possessed of good dispositions, writes a plain, quick hand, and is willing to promote, in every possible way, the interest of his employers. To such an one, a moderate compensation will be paid, and none other need apply.

s13 eoptw

A CARD.

E. SUTTON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has left his former place of business, 297 Washington street, newly fitted up and re-opened, and now offers for sale, a good assortment of Combs, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, &c. at the lowest cash prices.

N. B.—Watches, Clocks, &c. repaired and warranted at short notice.

E. S. grateful for past patronage, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the favors of his former customers and friends.

june 20 1aop

DR. S. C. HEWETT,

BONE SETTER, 297 Washington street, Practitioner on Diseases of Joints and Limbs in general, would respectfully inform the public that he can be seen at all times, at his rooms, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 9 P. M. He would mention that this law is repealed which debars him from collecting his bills, and that he will make charges against his patients as heretofore. For the last year, finding some patients disposed to take advantage of this law, he has adopted the practice of receiving his pay for each visit, when given. In no case would he be understood to let his charges stand on his books for merely one visit of advice, except they be protracted. His charges in no case will exceed $1.00 per visit. People in low circumstances will be liberally considered.

Patients who cannot call on Dr H. at his Rooms, he will call on them at their residences. june 1

WATCHES.

WILLIAM PRATT, No. 34 Hanover street, has just received a variety of patterns of English and French Watches, consisting of patent Levers, Gold and Silver Lepines and the more common Watches.

Also, for sale, a good assortment of Jewelry, Silver and Plated Spoons, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.

N. B.—Old Watches taken in exchange for new.

8 3m

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

The following beautiful song is furnished for the Saturday Courier by an esteemed correspondent, who says he cut it from an IRISH paper printed at the close of the American Revolution, sixty years ago!

ODE TO COLUMBIA.

Columbia's shores are wild and wide,
Columbia's hills are high,
And rudely planted side by side,
Her forests meet the eye.
Yet narrow must those shores be made,
And low Columbia's hills,
And low her ancient forests laid,
Ere Freedom leaves her fields.
For 'tis the spot were rude and wild,
She play'd her gambols when a child.

The breeze that waves the mountain pine
Is fragrant and serene,
And never clearer sun did shine
Than lights her vallies green;
Yet putrid must those breezes blow,
That sun must set in gore,
Ere footsteps of a foreign foe
Imprint Columbia's shore.
For oh! Columbia's sons are FREE,
Their hearts beat high with LIBERTY.

Though deep and wide her streams that flow
Impetuous to the tide,
And thick and green her laurels grow
On every river's side,
Yet should some transatlantic host
Pollute her waters fair,
They'll meet them on the rocky coast,
And gather laurels there.
For oh! Columbia's sons are brave,
And free as ocean's wildest wave.

For arming boldest cavaliers,
They've mines of sterling worth,
For sword and buckler, spur and spear,
Embowelled in the earth.
And see Columbia's sons resign
That boon their father's won,
The polished ore from every mine,
Shall glitter to the sun.
For bright the blade and sharp the spear,
Which Freedom's sons to battle bear.

Let Britain boast the deeds she's done,
Display her trophies bright,
And count her laurels bravely won,
In well contested fight.
Columbia can array a band
To wrest that laurel wreath,
With keener eye and steadier hand,
To strike the blow of death,
For whether on the land or sea,
Columbia's fight is victory.

Let France in blood through Europe wade,
And in her frantic mood,
In civil discord draw the blade,
To drink her children's blood,
Too dear the skill in arms is bought,
Where kindred life-blood flows,
Columbia's sons are only taught
To triumph o'er their foes,
And then to comfort, soothe and save,
The feelings of a conquer'd brave.

Then let Columbia's eaglet soar,
And bear her banner high,
With thunder in her dexter power,
And lightning in her eye,
And when she sees from realms above,
The storms of war have spent,
Descending like a meek-ey'd dove,
The olive branch present,
Then shall beauty's hand divine,
The never-withering wreath entwine.

[From the Maine Monthly Magazine.]

THE ARENA.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN.

A portal of the arena opened and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared and ramped against the bar of its den. At this sight, the guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the christian, and he was left alone.—*Croly's 'Salathiel.'*

WILD swelled the shout, and high
Flourished the trumpet's tone,
The arches answered the uproar cry,
Plume and purple came floating by,
And the king was on his throne.

Around the regal chair,
There were brows with garlands dressed;
Some all or dimm'd by a cloud of care,
Shadowed alone by their own bright hair,
Some thin the [illegible] pressed.

Again to the welkin wide,
Sounded a blast of fear,
And they loosed the bands that his mantle tied,
And they turned their columns fast aside;
And the captive grasped his spear.

Sternly the legions passed
Warned by the herald tone;
One scarf yet lingered on the blast,
He gazed—it faded—'twas the last,
And the warrior stood alone.

Now nerve thee for the fight,
Thou of the fearless band,
Thy arm must cope with a foe of might,
No human foot save thine to-night,
May tread the arena's sand.

He raised his eyes on high,
And breathed a hurried prayer;
The earthly monarch bade him die,
But he knew as he [illegible] the holy sky,
A stronger king was there.

Watch ye that captive slave,
Prince of a royal line!
Ah! give me the [illegible] wave.
And a thousand spears with flash to save;
But the Roman [illegible] no sign.

Then blushing cheeks grew pale,
Amid that bright array;
And the ear forgot love's half-wove tale,
And the maid instinctive raised her veil,
Unconscious of display.]

Aye! silence reigned around—
And there burst a hollow roar,
And the shout of men received the sound,
As a lion leaped with a sudden bound,
Sprung from his grated door.

Crouching with slow advance,
He rears his bristling mane,
He measures his foe with a flaming glance,
He springs—but the captive withering lance
Wounds a [illegible] main.

Trailing the sand along,
The [illegible] they bear,
And the trumpet rung with a flourish strong,
And the prince passed out from his plumed throng,
For he feared the God of Prayer.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Ye bid me mingle in the dance,
And smile among the young and gay—
Ye say that grief will dim my glance,
And turn my raven tresses grey;
I care not, yet I strive to bear
In weakness to my lonely fate—
I dry my tears and smooth my brow,
The while my heart is desolate.

When last I joined the festive throng,
I heard—it [illegible]
A stranger breathe the very song,
That first he warbled in my ear.
The words, the tune, [illegible]
What living lip could [illegible]
Mid laughing crowds I stood alone,
Unutterably desolate.

I miss him by the evening hearth,
I miss him at the silent meal,
But loneliest in the bower of mirth,
My joyless solitude I feel;
But late I saw a happy bride,
Smile fondly on her wedded mate,
While I—oh! would that I had died
With him who left me desolate.

Ye speak of wealth—in Mammon's mart,
[illegible]
Gold cannot heal the broken heart,
Nor [illegible] the mouldering grave;
It cannot fill the vacant seat
Where once my honored husband sate,
Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,
Nor make my home less desolate.

Alas! the hopes on which we build
Hope's fairest fabrick, is but air,
And fragile the heart, when God has willed
To try his chastening finger there.
A brighter, happier dream than mine,
Did never love and hope create,
I bowed before an earthly shrine,
And Heaven has left me desolate.

[illegible]
The hand that [illegible] mild and meek;
Thou hast a helper on whose arm
The mourner never leaned in vain,
O! may that arm the pilgrim guide
By the straight road, and narrow gate,
To where the loved in bliss abide,
And [illegible] desolate.

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS—NO. LXXVI.
THINGS IN ROME.

ROME, October, 1836.

The Theatre of Marcellus, erected by Augustus in honor of his nephew Marcellus, is now almost tumbled down, and although enough is left to give a faint idea of its former magnificence, yet about all we can see are the arches, corridors, and substructures, on which the proud fabric once rested. The Palace of the sole Roman Senator of the present day, now stands upon these ruins, the arches of which are filled with coal shops, blacksmiths or vegetables. This is the destiny of that Augustan fabric that boasted once of its Doric and Ionic columns, and of its capacity to hold 30,000 persons.—The Theatre of Pompey, which this proud Roman General built after his return from the Mithridatic war, at the consecration of which above 500 lions were killed, and eighteen elephants were exhibited in combat, is now seen with torches and lanterns under ground, and about all that is left of it is the reticulated brick work of the Romans, that even now, on all sides of Rome, is defying time. The Temple of *Æsculapius* has become the church of Saint Bartholomew. In a narrow street close against the wall, stands the mausoleum of Caius Publicus Bibulus which, an *inscription* says, the Senate and People erected to his worth,—but when Bibulus lived, or who Bibulus was, nobody knows, for his mausoleum, surviving the wreck of a thousand others, has outlived his fame. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius, of the college of Roman priests, has also outlived his fame, and it is doubtful even in what age he lived, though his pyramid has a height of 113 Paris feet, and is at the base sixty-nine feet in length. The *Tabernæ Meritoria*, or the Roman Hospital for invalid soldiers, has been turned into the church of Santa Maria. St. Sabina stands on the foundation of Diana, and St Alexis over the ruins of Hercules. The Temple of Romus is now the church of a brace of Saints. The arch of Titus, who is represented as loaded with the spoils of Jerusalem, is dilapidated and falling. On the spot supposed to have been the Lucerpal, where was the ancient Temple of Romulus, is now the church of Saint Theodorus below the level of the earth, the steps to which lead *downward*. The Temple of Chastity is converted into the church of Santa Maria—in *Cosmedin*, it is added, because the edifice was overloaded with ornaments. In the walls of this church can now be seen the Grecian marble fluted columns, and the finely worked capitals of the Temple, and in its portico is an ugly ancient mask, called the Mouth of Truth, from an opinion once prevalent among the populace that oracles issued from it. Diocletian's Baths are converted into the churches of St Bernard, and of Santa Maria of the angels, the entrance of which now was the *Calderium* of the Baths in times gone by. The Pope's oil cellar is also in one of the rooms of these once spacious Baths. The Basilica of Santa Croce has a part of the true cross which St. Helena brought from Jerusalem, and the subterranean chapel of this ancient Saint is also there.

The Church of St Peter in Prison, stands over a dungeon where the Apostle, it is said, suffered imprisonment. I went down into the dungeon, and by the aid of torches, saw the column to which, it is said, he was bound,—the spring of water which was said to be miraculously issued forth that he might baptise the two gaolers, and forty seven of his fellow prisoners who afterwards suffered martyrdom. The spiders were thick, and the dungeon was wet, and the rock was hard,—nevertheless I knocked off a piece from the walls, to keep in memory of my visit. But I must stop even this running catalogue of curious facts, for as I have said again and again, the catalogue of even a thousandth part of what would be precious relics or things in any other city, would weary you, if I were to make it out in Rome.

Come, go out but for a short time beyond the walls of Rome, for the suburbs of Rome are only second in curiosity to the city itself—and as I have resolved to break away from this city, even with but the briefest chronicle of what has deeply interested me, (for I [illegible] but little sympathy elsewhere)—I will only group together the things most remarkable of all. The church of St Sebastian in the catacombs are, over which it is built. A Capuchin friar after giving each of us a torch, and taking one himself, led us into these dark and doubtful labyrinths of the early Christians, who in the days of persecution, used these catacombs not only for cemeteries, but for hiding places, and the worship of God. Anon we were under the earth, with walls of *Pozzolana*, as the Romans call this species of soft stone in the catacombs, surrounding us on every side. The cavities within these walls were made for graves, and had a coffin aspect, which in such a spot, chilled the blood. The passages between these walls are but from two to three feet wide, and as they lead, the stranger knows not where—for these catacombs, it is said, reach to Ostia, a distance of sixteen miles,—we should have felt that we were incarcerated for life, and that our own bodies would soon rest in these skeleton-stripped cavities, if we had had any suspicion of the guidance of our friar. Persons indeed have often lost themselves in these subterranean labyrinths, and so dangerous had this in particular become, that long ago it was blocked up in part, and the whole of its remote stretch is now shut out from curious investigation. These excavations were undoubtedly made by the ancient Romans, in searching for the materials of which their buildings were made.—The Christians, when the penalty of death was inflicted in Rome upon him who worshipped the true God, fled hither, and the multitude at last making this their retreat, dug out chambers where religious exercises were performed. I could not but contrast these dim and dismal dungeons where Christianity was cradled, with the proud and aspiring Basilica of St Peter's, that towers so high in air above all other structures of ancient or modern time, and forgetful of the waste of treasures that had been lavished upon it, I could not but consider it a noble monument to the memory of those men whose bones had been crumbling in the cavities of the rock by my side. That feeble praise which was here uttered tremblingly under the earth to the Almighty God of the Universe, is now not only echoed along the aisles and the vaults of the greatest fabric on earth, but it is sounded and resounded loudly and proudly under the arch of the heavens in the four quarters of the globe, while the pagan gods are tumbled down, or preserved only as relics of art. It has been supposed that 170,000 martyrs were buried here.

The sepulchre of the Scipios is a subterranean repository, dark and damp, is seen on the way to the catacombs. The Circus of Romulus (the son of Maxentius,) is one of the most perfect in Rome. The Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella is a beautiful fabric which has well braved time, though long ago it was plundered of all that was in it, and converted into a fortress, as the ugly battlements now overgrown with weeds upon their tops, are ready to prove. The Fountain and the Grotto of Egeria, of which but little of the ancient beauty is left, interest us from their classical associations. The Temple di Rediculo, or the Temple of the Return, marks the spot where was supposed to be the site of Hannibal's camp when he was besieging Rome,—a temple that the Romans erected in joy of his return to his own country. These are few of the objects on one side of Rome, in fields of ruins where not even the plough runs, or perhaps can run, so thickly strewn is the land with walls and bricks; but yet this land which was once crowded with habitations, is now overrun with weeds and bushes. A few villas are all that now form the suburbs of Rome. Among these the villa Borghese is the most magnificent, or at least the best kept. On Sundays, the whole of Rome [illegible] hither in vehicles and on foot;—and the two Sabbaths past, there has been a rustic fete, which [illegible] Turkeys, chickens, handkerchiefs, wine in bottles, legs of bacon, and other things as attractive, were fixed upon a pole or mast, [illegible] in the ground, and the winner of these things was he who could climb up the slippery sides, and drop down the things on the top. Thousands of people assembled to witness this, and a band of music cheered the multitude, [illegible] the [illegible] of the peasants. Other villas there are, as well as this all famous for at least some one precious work of art,—but I have said enough of art, and I must skip over them without even a word.

Tivoli, where is the vast and rich villa of the Emperor Adrian, eighteen miles from Rome, of which the Emperor himself was the architect, and which he adorned with Temples, Baths, Theatres, Porticos, and imitations of the most remarkable buildings in the world, and a with *Vale of Tempe, Elysian Fields, and Infernal* Regions even, is one of the most [illegible] objects [illegible] Rome. What a grandeur and [illegible] must have been this villa, which [illegible] did he [illegible] to adorn! Mæcenas's villa, on the [illegible] of it, can be seen [illegible] and opposite is left of the villa of Sallust. Some ten miles off was the villa of Horace, and the [illegible] well versed in [illegible] with a [illegible] of classic study, may be happy there for weeks, though among a population the [illegible] in the world, and though living in a manner that a Prince would not choose, to say the least.

Frascati I visited also, about twelve Roman miles from Rome, upon a prancing horse, with a cavalcade of every young man, English, German, and French, who were too wild to stop to study what we galloped over, and therefore I am not much the wiser for the visit. Tusculum we visited near there, and walked over and through the bushes that cover its ruins.—The reticulated brick work of Cicero's villa, where he wrote his Tusculan questions, is the most interesting thing to be seen there. This villa, it seems, was upon a side of a hill, with a beautiful view all around, and there this great man retired from Rome, trained his mind for meditation and for philosophy. But if I do not stop now, I never shall—and therefore I am resolved, after a few more words of advice upon living and buying in Rome, to leave the city, and start on the route to Naples.

Better Cameos can be bought in Rome than in any other place of Italy. The workmanship of them is often wonderfully delicate, but the price of a well worked one is always high. Mosaics here are also better than any where else where I have been. The models of all the ancient ruins can be bought here in marble, as well as of the master pieces of sculpture. Camei necklaces, ear rings, and the like, are well executed here. Prints and colored drawings of every thing of the past and the present, can be found in the shops. Two thirds, aye, nearly all of the Roman shops in the Corso and the Piazza of Spain, are but epitomes of the curiosities of Rome; and if a man has money to spend, he can no where better gratify an enlightened taste than in the purchase of these models of what are the wonderful things of the world. As Rome, indeed chiefly lives upon the arts, and upon the strangers who visit it, purchases can be made here to better advantage than elsewhere; but wo to the man who does not trade with a Roman of the present day warily, for the price demanded for a thing is no sign of its value,—and unless the purchaser is a connoisseur, and even then unless he has hunted from shop to shop, he will be cheated in every thing he buys. Double, and even tripple the value of a thing, and of what the vendor will take, is often demanded of a stranger, who is making purchases.

A man can live in Rome for almost any price. Many artists live well there for less than a dollar a day, and my own expenses were but little more than that at the Hotel de Londres, one of the very best hotels in the city. But a young man who manages prudently, never dines at his hotel, but always dines out at a Restaurant, where, if not so many—choice articles may be obtained of what he likes, amply enough for a dinner, at the cost of from thirty to forty cents, wine included. Families alone have the habit of dining at the hotels, and all other travellers usually dine at the Restaurants, which, from four to seven o'clock, are usually crowded with men and women from all parts of the world. An artist may obtain fair lodgings in Rome for twenty-five or thirty cents a day—a breakfast for ten or twelve cents, of bread and coffee, and a dinner from twenty-five to forty cents; and no man in Rome, or on the continent of Europe I believe, thinks of eating more than two regular meals a day. Five hundred dollars in Rome will go about as far in expenses as two thousand dollars in London; for as you travel southward, this change is marked in the value of money—that an English shilling (twenty three cents about,) becomes a franc in France (19 cents about,) a Paul in Rome (10 cents,) and a Carline in Naples, which is 8 cents of our money. Expenditures, however, always depend upon the manner in which a man manages. He (as the American generally in imitation of the English) who drives up to a hotel in his own carriage, with his courier, ordering all and paying all, will find that neither two or three dollars will pay his daily expenses in Rome, though he, cannot have one single comfort that another may not have for a third of the sum. All travelling in Italy depends upon the practice and skill of the traveller, as to the amount expended. A little knowledge of the language is indispensable to getting along cheaply and smoothly without a courier, for there are hundreds of places where French is not the current coin of conversation, though in every large town, there are servants in the hotels who speak French very well.

The important fact that every thing must be bargained for in advance, even the washer-woman for a night cap or neckerchief, must always be kept in mind.—Three beautiful little rooms, two bed rooms and a pretty saloon overlooking a garden in the Hotel de Londres, cost me and my companion one dollar a day. Our breakfast in the hotel was 20 cents, our dinner there 60 cents, with wine; but it was such a dinner as in London would cost two dollars. Each man pays the servant at least ten cents a day, and candles are a separate bill. Our lodging, probably, was cheaper than it would have been, if Rome had not been unusually deserted, on account of a fear of the cholera. A *valet de place* costs five francs a day, whose services are indispensable here; but if a party is formed, the divided expense is but a trifle. Almost every picture gallery you see in Rome costs money, and so does almost every species of sight seeing, unless it be on public days, and then sights are so numerous that the aggregate of the whole is quite a curious bill, though in detail ten or fifteen cents are the most a man need give, and five will often answer his purpose, particularly in a party—for in Italy three young men on an average can travel for the same price that it would cost two alone. The market of Rome is one of the best in Italy. The wine of Orvieto takes the place of the old Falernian, which has lost all its fame, and it can be bought for twelve or fifteen cents the flask. A family intending to make a long stay in Rome would do well to hire private lodgings, which can be easily obtained, and then to order their dinners to be brought from the restaurants. Grapes, apples, pears, peaches and apricots, we have found delicious, and for a single baiocchi, which is in value of an American cent, we have often bought as many grapes as two of us could eat. Many a Roman lives on bread and grapes, or maccaroni, which is delicious with him and his flask of wine, for ten or fifteen, or twenty cents a day at the most. Italy, you may thus see, is next to the interior of our country—the West and New England population off the great roads,—the cheapest country in the world to travel in. I have thrown these little items together, so that an American at home may know with how much to venture abroad, as well as for the benefit of the future traveller.

B.

BONDS.—The law very humanely provides that bonds in the case of arrest shall not be excessive—so that would defeat the very object of granting bonds. Therefore a certain rule is generally followed, bonds bearing a relation to the aggravation of the crime. Upon a curious examination of this law in regard to bonds, we shall find it very unequal, and the cause of much oppression. A poor man apprehended for crime, cannot procure any bonds perhaps—and he, the very one who needs to be at large supporting his family, must lie in close confinement. But the rich rascal can find bonds—and then, choosing rather to lose a little of his fortune, than to suffer the consequences of his misdemeanor, he forfeits his bonds and is off elsewhere, to practice a second career of knavery. Many escape in this way. Now the providing of bonds is not that the law considers the bond forfeited an equivalent for the bad influence upon society from the commission of the crime—far from it. The bonds are only to secure the individual. Justice can accept no compensation for crime. Yet does the present course of taking bonds amount often to this something. The forfeiture of the bonds is to the criminal the same as bribing justice to let him off.

We think, therefore, that the rich man in the matter of bonds, should be put on a level with the poor man as far as is possible. As the object of bonds is to secure the person of the culprit, we should think that if he possesses property, he ought to give bonds to the whole amount of his property, as far as it can be ascertained. There would then be more security for his appearance. One or two guilty men have run off from justice in the city lately forfeiting their bonds—and the ends of justice are not served.

The Portland Times heads a notice of a woman who went three days without speaking—'Astonishing absence of Mind.' We should term it, 'Astonishing presence of mind.'

DISGRACEFUL. The Memphis Enquirer says that three white men, with faces blacked and disguised, lately entered an Indian Cabin, within the nation, and robbed it of 1700 dollars which the proprietor had received for the sale of his lands.

☞ Solomon does not like to see a person 'wise in his own conceit.' The world is more swayed by persons who are foolish in their own conceit, than by those who have the opposite failing. The man who is wise in his own conceit will not run long before he is taught to know himself. But the world is too [illegible] to teach the foolish man what he is capable of doing and [illegible] of his services.

FLORIDA AND TEXAS.—We have always imagined from the beginning that the inhabitants of the Northern States were but partially acquainted with the state of affairs in Florida and Texas. The uprising of a few tribes of degraded Indians, with a few negroes intermingled, did not appear any serious affair for the regular troops of the United States to conquer. They could not of course assemble together in any great numbers, and the probability was that they would, after a short campaign, be routed from their hiding places, and compelled to yield unconditionally, or be exterminated after the lapse of a few months. So in regard to Texas. There appeared to be something heroic in a few daring souls battling with a nation that could bring hosts into the field. The massacre at the Alamo, and the destruction of small parties of the Texans was brought before the minds of most as a kind of dream—divested of all the horrors of the bloody and dreadful reality. The difficulties of warfare were lost sight of.—The ability of the Texan Government to fulfil its obligations was not questioned; and both for Florida and Texas thousands were ready and anxious to enlist, and did enlist, eager to share the honor of immediate victory—forgetting that there were pains and privations, and dangers which must first be endured—which would perhaps exceed endurance.

But the truth, and yet, bad as it is, but part of the truth is beginning to be understood. All the marines upon our seacoast, and a large detachment of the army, have been sent to Florida; the Southern States have been compelled to furnish their quota of troops and yet the war drags its slow length along—disappointing the expectations of the people, and spreading ruin throughout the province in which the war is raging. In regard to Texas—although a great and glorious victory has been obtained over the Mexicans, the war is but begun.—Large numbers of troops are being brought into the field to reduce the rebellious province, and the Texans having mustered all the soldiers they could muster in the first struggle, are now dependent on the United States for assistance and volunteers. The Government too, is distracted in itself.—Funds, that very necessary article in disastrous and important exigencies, the best ally of weakness, is wanting. The Government is unable to act according to their promises, and a large number of New York volunteers have returned in despair.

We have just conversed for a considerable length of time with a gentleman, formerly in good circumstances in Florida.—In the trying time of the last campaign, he, with all others who were capable of bearing arms, was pressed into the service—being compelled to resign his business, submit to the ruin of his fortunes, and serve as a common soldier.—He represents to us, that not the half is known of the sufferings of the inhabitants and troops in Florida. The reports which have been made of skirmishes and battles have been very imperfect. The Indians are not so dependent on numerical strength as upon their knowledge of the country, and modes of warfare, and so far from being yet conquered, they are a most formidable foe. They have been continually issuing forth in different quarters, from their fortresses, and murdering the straggling inhabitants—and were all the destruction of life which they have committed, recorded, the sad list would swell far beyond all which is known or expected.

The troops, too, are suffering in the highest degree. It would seem very strange that, prosperous as the country is, the comforts of life cannot be furnished to those serving in her cause. Our friend informs us that their food, during the campaign in which he served, consisted of rations of flour, salt pork and coffee. When they encamped, the different messes of soldiers would build a fire, and put on their spider, one of these utensils being allowed to each mess. The pork of the mess would then be fried in it, and afterwards the soldiers would pour flour into the fat, and fry that as a substitute for bread. They were compelled to drink their coffee without any thing to make it palatable.

Such being the state of affairs, the Indians powerful, the country deserted by its inhabitants, the soldiers suffering, it appears to us that something more decisive ought to be done. There appears to have been great mismanagement in the manner of conducting the war, and if the state of things which exists at present remain for any length of time longer, Florida will receive a shock to its prosperity which a lapse of years only, can overcome.

☞ The Portland Times says that 5000 loafers *sleep* in the streets of New York. We would be very thankful if *our* loafers would *sleep* at night. Let our sister city be thankful that her loafers are not *wide awake* all night.

The Philadelphia Ledger disbelieves our last Quaker anecdote, and calls it a libel on the sect. That's well enough for a *Philadelphia* paper—but we are not particularly bound to flatter the Quakers. We used to hang them here.

HOG OF THE EAST. The Bangorean and Portland editors, favorable to Animal Magnetism, are very proud of their hog which underwent the magnetic operation. The Times has a long article about the animal. He goes the whole hog in this business.

☞ Rothschild and Moses Brown have died pretty nearly together. Such *two or three things together* so have been quite common of late.

An indictment has been found against John Reed, late high constable of Boston, for embezzling a diamond breast pin from the convict Archer, and substituting therefor a valueless article. Reed had absconded and forfeited his bonds. He was one of the most expert rogue catchers in that city.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Are you there, old land-shark? Mr Sun is humming again. The above named individual does not deal in breastpins. It is another Reed, and not a very high constable either, who has been practising alchemy.

A man without real merit is obliged to make a great fuss in order to keep up his consequence; while the man of genuine worth need take no great trouble about it. The former is a poor swimmer, floundering and puffing to keep himself on the surface of the river. The latter feels the bottom with his feet, and knows that he *cannot* sink.

COL. HERMAN THORNE appears to be a thorn in the sides of some of our editorial brethren. As we do not envy, so we have no hard feelings towards him. Let him enjoy 'the good the gods provide him.' There are, at this moment, foaming levellers that earn their two dollars a day, who are twice as proud as he is—especially when they get their Sunday clothes on.

Things which belong to the sight, may be doubled, tripled, and quadrupled by reflection—as in mirrors. Things which affect the hearing may be also echoed and re-echoed; but where the heart is concerned, there is no antitype.—Love admits of but *one* object.

DOUBT AND DESPAIR.—Doubt bears about the same relation to despair which a prospectus does to a newspaper. The same may be said of intemperance and ruin.

MOUNTAIN IN LABOR—CLAMS BROUGHT FORTH.—We learn from the Newburyport Herald, that two or three petrified round clams or quahaugs were taken from the inside of one of the highest mountains in Chili—a mountain whose top was cloven by an earthquake. They were found several miles from the sea, and hundreds of feet above water level. Much speculation has taken place with regard to who 'called these clams from the vasty deep.'

'Turn out those geese!' cried a man in the pit, upon hearing some fellows hissing in the third tier. 'They are not dangerous,' said another, 'you see they are *yoked*.'

COMPARISON. The Bangor Advertiser compares the attacks of the Republican on himself to 'a June bird lighting on a *crow*.' The comparison is none too *black*.

'I've lost flesh,' said a toper to his companion. 'No great loss,' returned the other, 'since you have made it up in spirits.'

SWEET SOCIETY. A society exists in Pennsylvania, called the 'Beet Sugar Society.'

☞ We learn from the New York Webb that the milkmen of Albany have struck for more water. It is well they did not go so far as Xerxes, and strike the water itself; for then they would have stricken off half their profits.

NEW SCALE OF INTEMPERANCE. The grog dealers in ——ville, says a neighbor, sell their liquor by long the tube, by the foot—in order to avoid the license laws. A yard and a half is estimated to be a dose for a soaker.

PIPING IN THE U. S. About a hundred wandering pipers have gone to Liverpool for the purpose of embarking for America, they having heard that the genuine piper has done so well here. This reminds us of the ass in the fable, leaping into his master's lap, because he had seen Tray do it. They must imagine that the Yankees are very fond of piping.

COMPLIMENT. A doting father had a very bright little son. After exhibiting him to a gentleman one day, he said—'don't you think the lad is almost a miracle?' 'Yes, indeed'—returned the visitor—'he is quite above *par*.'

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a grocer who sells coffee at cost, and chokes it out with small pebbles, like Jerusalem?

Ans.—Because he destroys the profits, [prophets] and stoneth them which are sent unto him.

What celebrated bird was like the carriers of a certain paper in Boston?

Ans.—Noah's dove, for she carried the Olive Branch.

Why is a bird with its wings broken like the Bunker Hill Monument?

Ans.—Because it cannot rise.

Why is a man facing a wall like the Boston Advocate?

Ans.—Because he is opposed to masonry.

Why is the dinner of a certain editor in Bangor like [illegible]?

Ans.—Because it is [illegible].

Joseph Bonaparte has reached London in safety. The reader has probably heard of Napoleon Bonaparte—this gentleman is his brother.

PERSONALITIES.—Mr Rodenbergh of Charlestown has published a new work called a Directory. It is very personal in its remarks.

BAKED BEANS.—An old lady by the name of Beans was found burnt to a cinder, after a late fire in Liverpool, England.

THE SLAVE CASE. A gentleman who subscribes himself 'A Southerner' has addressed an article to the Courier, animadverting upon the late decision of Judge Shaw in the Supreme Court, that a slave brought by his master into the State of Massachusetts becomes free. As the article is written evidently by an educated man, and one well understanding the subject on which he treats, although he may have [illegible], and as his views may be considered to express the feelings of a considerable number of the inhabitants of the slave holding States, we will give a short abstract of them.

The writer commences by asserting that the decision referred to, is in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States. The article of the Constitution treating of slavery was framed as it stands in consequence of a compact between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. In the South, slaves are property—are bought and sold, as such. If a slave therefore, should escape from his master into a non-slaveholding State, it would not be possible to preserve the Federal Compact, unless some general law could be made by which the master could recover his slave—otherwise these States would become a refuge for all slaves who chose to leave their owners, in which case, it requires no argument to prove that cordiality and union could not long remain between the States. The Constitution requires then, of the non-slaveholding States, that they shall deliver back to their masters all slaves who escape into their territories. Massachusetts by accepting the Constitution, allows that slaves may be property—and therefore, argues the Southerner, if a Southern gentleman choose to take a slave with him into a Northern State, the negro is as much a slave as ever—and Massachusetts has no power to say to him—Thou art free.

The writer then indulges in language of this tenor—that he considers this decision the '*ground swell*' of public opinion in the Northern States—that he viewed the meeting in Faneuil Hall with suspicion, as not a true expression of the feelings of the majority. In the same light he regarded the mobs against Abolitionists—and professes to be glad that Massachusetts has come boldly forth with her opinion—but intimates that union, according to our interpretation of the law, is impossible—for the South will not submit to it.

To the argument, that the article in the Constitution applies as well to slaves brought into the State by their masters as to those who escape to it, the Courier replies—that this is not based on proper premises—for if we allow that a Southerner, who brings a slave with him, has a right to retain that slave as such, he has a right to exercise all his power as a slaveholder—and sell and buy and bargain in slaves—which is clearly contrary to the Constitution of the State.

We do not intend to comment upon this article. We give it that our citizens may see the opinion entertained of the proceedings in this State in regard to the slaves and Abolitionists, and draw therefrom their own inferences.

DOGS! COLLARS! &c.—A boy was bitten by a dog in School street last evening, and a rumpus immediately ensued. The animal had no collar on, and stuck to the coachman for protection against the boys and loafers who were disposed to execute justice upon him for his master's neglect. The coachman, apprehensive of a fine, denied the ownership of the creature, and there they had it—some laying down the law, John swearing, Bose yelping, the boys screaming, and the deuce to pay—and there we left 'em to settle their own hash.

ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP CHEVERUS. One of the distinguishing features in the character of this most amiable and pious prelate, was a Samaritan spirit, that influenced his every act of benevolence. The 'Corsaire,' a French paper, relates of him the following anecdote:

One day leaving the church, an old infirm woman implored his charity. The worthy prelate slipped a five franc piece into her hand. 'My Lord,' said his almoner who was walking behind him, 'are you aware that the woman is a jewess?' 'Yes, she is a jewess,' exclaimed the cardinal, 'you are right; few people bestow alms upon the poor creature for that very reason; and you sir, I suppose are among the number. As she receives such little assistance from charity she is in need of more money; give her my purse, sir.'

Major J. Strange, an artist from the United States, has taken a bust likeness of Gen. Santa Ana and Col. Almonte, which, with those of the suite, are to be embodied into an historical painting, with the 'Longwood' of Texas, and adjacent scenery. Santa Ana's likeness is remarkably striking and correct; but the painter has not been so successful in delineating Almonte. Santa Ana is in his uniform, as Major General, (General de Division,) the highest military grade known in the Mexican service, with the light blue sash of his rank; he bears three crosses, of three separate orders instituted by that Government—to which however, no pay is attached. Col. Almonte's portrait bears one cross, that of the epoch, 'Independence,' with the uniform of Colonel of Cavalry. The artist intends to make a painting of Gen. Cos, now a prisoner or Galveston Island.

A letter signed by Santa Ana, manifesting his approbation of his likeness, and that no other of the same description has been taken to the United States, is in the possession of Major Strange.

ALMOST A LOSS. A Broker in Philadelphia recently received $27,000 in one package, which he deposited in a drawer and went out. On his return the package was missing. He ran instantly to the police office and engaged every officer in the city to find the money. He went to every Bank and Broker's office, to caution them against receiving the notes. Having done all he could, he returned to his office, where his partner was seated, unconscious of the loss. The haggard looks of No. 1 attracted the notice of No. 2, who soon cheered him up, by opening another draw, and exhibited the money safe.

☞ The New York Times says that the Damon of Forrest at the Park, was superior to the Damon of Cooper in his best days.

☞ The New York Times mentions another death by stramonium. The Transcript will probably be able to indulge its taste for the 'ludicrous' once more.

TRIAL OF FIRE ENGINES.—A trial of power was made at the Fair of the New York Mechanics Institute on Saturday, between a Boston built fire engine and one made in New York, which excited a good deal of interest among the firemen and many others. The New York engine, as we learn from the Morning News, was worked by some of their choicest firemen, and that of Boston by volunteers, who entered for the honor of the literary emporium. The contest was warmly maintained on both sides, and victory now hovered over this party and now over that, but the harder the struggle the more equal the result, until the judges were obliged to appoint a further day of trial, when the question of excellence shall be decided.

CAPTURE IN THE WOODS.—For a long time past great depredations have been made on some valuable timber, growing on some land at Harlem, the property of Mr J. Darley, merchant tailor, 126 Broadway. Within the last week several trees have been cut down, and carried off, worth upwards of $300. Mr Darley not being able to discover the offenders, made an application to the Upper Police. In consequence, Messrs Lyons, J. C. Smith, and Bowyer, started to Harlem yesterday in search of the depredators.

On entering the grounds of Mr D. and walking a considerable distance among the trees, they discovered a party of four laborers, hewing and chopping away as if they were working for their lives. A considerable number of young trees had been felled, and the axes of the sturdy foresters were doing surprising execution on some of the forest timber. On seeing the officers approach, they paid no attention, supposing them to be strangers, but on being apprised of the object of their visit, they showed fight, and stood on the defensive. Mr Smith, one of the officers, then pulled out a rusty four barrelled pistol, without a lock, and threatened to fire if they did not surrender immediately. The sight of so formidable a weapon completely frightened them, and they were captured and put in irons, while the officers went in search of others. They had not gone far when they found a party of three more, busily engaged in chopping. Two of them were taken, but the third ran away.—He was followed by Bowyer, who finding he could not overtake him, also pulled out a clean pistol without a touch hole, and threatened to shoot him if he did not stop. The woodcutter turned his head, and seeing the weapon, gave himself up quietly. The whole of them were taken to the Upper Police Office. The officers say that the above is not the first case where their superannuated pistols have had a wonderful effect on the nerves of culprits.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE HARLEM TUNNEL. We learn from a statement of the Superintendent in the New York evening papers, that the workmen have succeeded in piercing through the granite rock at the Observatory Place, on the New York and Harlem Railroad. Three gangs of miners have been employed in this undertaking for eight months.

A GOOD IDEA. Six, seven, eight, and nine dollar bills are issued by the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank at Rahway. If other Banks would do the same, it would afford important facilities in making change; when the sum to be paid is between $5 and $10, or between $10 and $15, &c. We have no idea that $2's $3's, and $4's can be driven out of circulation, but their number will be diminished, and as the $1's are now rarely to be met with, the convenience of the Rahway plan is sufficiently obvious.—But we should like to ask the knowing ones, what is the difference to the currency, whether change is made with $6's, $7's, $8's and $9's, or with $1's, $2, $3's and $4's?—*Jour. Com.*

IMPROVEMENT IN PENMANSHIP. We have seen some specimens executed at Mr. Badger's school, which are as surprising to the disinterested examiner, as they must be agreeable to those, of whose improved chirography they are proofs. The specimens to which we refer, are from the pens of persons with whom we are acquainted—some by lads, and some by adults—and we cheerfully recommend Mr. B. to the patronage of bad writers.

Among the persons referred to above, are Mr. Fox, of the Fort Hill Reading School—a lad—a pupil of his—and a nephew of ours, an apprentice in this office.—*Evening Gazette.*

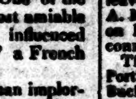
At the last Commencement at Bowdoin College, John Neal of Portland, Maine, received the honorary degree of A. M.

MEXICO, TEXAS, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.—The question of the difficulties between Texas and Mexico has been brought forward in the British Parliament, chiefly in reference to the part which the citizens of the United States have taken in the struggle. Much violent language was used by different speakers. One adverted to the political bearings of such interference. The supposition was made, that if Texas were to be annexed to the United States, the West India Islands would follow, and the trade of Great Britain would suffer. The United States could cut off all the trade of Great Britain with Texas and Mexico, by merely sending a few privateers or vessels of war into the ports of those two countries. The speaker offered as his opinion that a check ought to be put to the grasping ambition of the United States—nothing doubting that the war was fostered by our country to obtain in the end an annexation of Texas to itself. He moved that an address be immediately made to the king to take proper measures to prevent any such circumstance, and to afford Mexico the countenance which by treaty they were bound to do.

A second speaker adverted to the position taken by Great Britain in regard to the slave trade—a position which was likely to avail nothing to the cause, if Texas should be triumphant, inasmuch as the fight with Mexico was not for freedom only, but in order to make itself a slave-holding country. Slaves might be brought from Africa to Texas—they certainly were conveyed from Cuba there. The United States also might annex Texas to itself—and it was the duty of Great Britain to desire the United States not to take any country into its confederacy, in which slavery was allowed. He should second the motion for an immediate address to the king.

Lord Palmerston (Minister of Foreign Affairs) stated that he thought the motion very premature—that the difficulties between Texas and Mexico were by no means settled—that Mexico was at first triumphant, was then beaten—and now was preparing for a very vigorous campaign, in which there was every probability that she would be victor. He presumed that slaves had been carried into Texas from Cuba, but had no fears that any trade in slaves would be carried on with Africa.

The gentleman, after Lord Palmerston's remarks, withdrew his motion. It was stated by one that Englishmen had 70,000,000 of pounds embarked in trade with Mexico—which was at stake.



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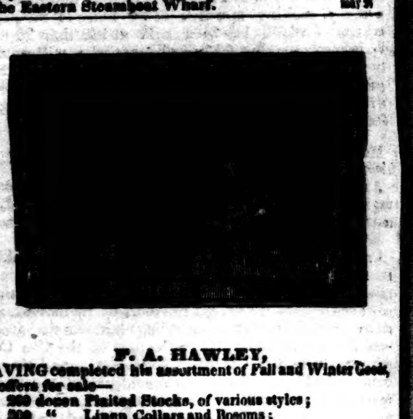

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